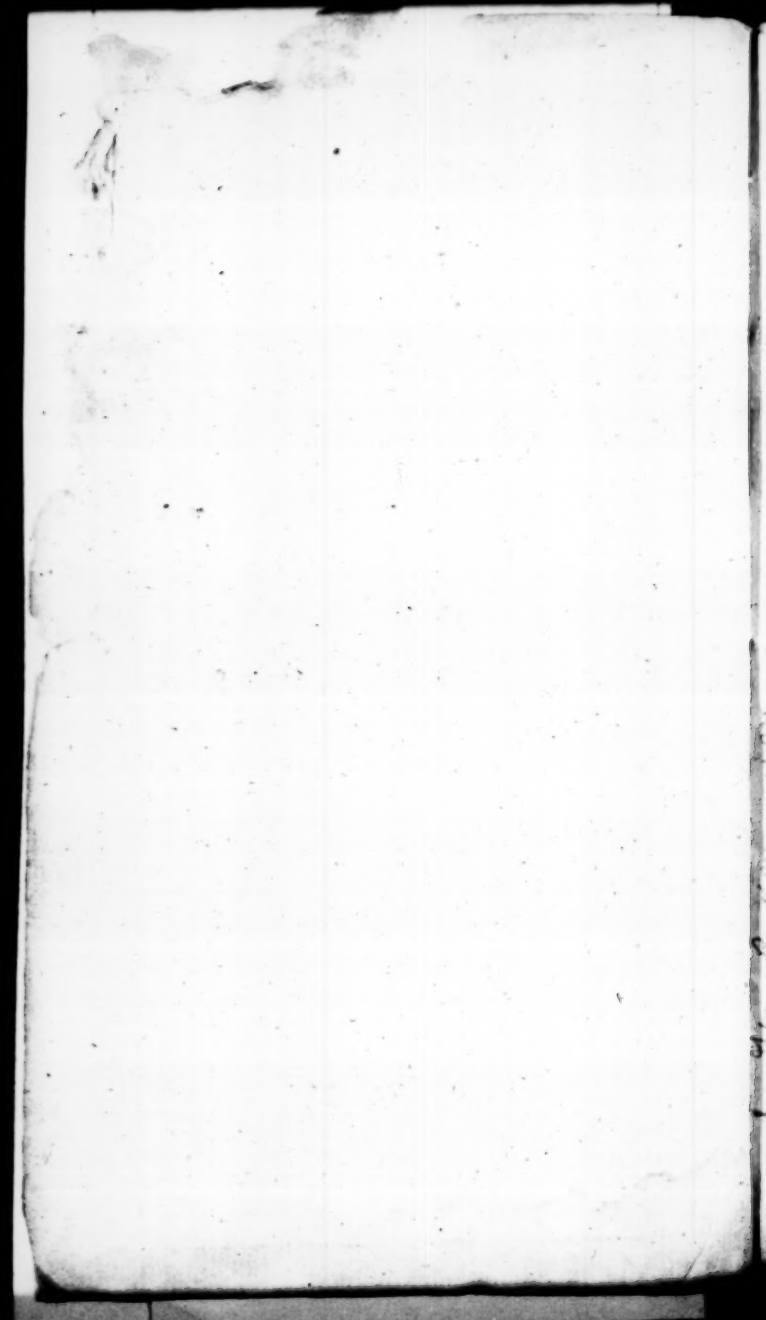


Effigies Amoris
IN
ENGLISH:
OR THE
PICTURE
OF
Love Unveil'd.

Πάλιν τὸν Ἔρωτα βλέπω, τὰ βέλη φέρω, τὸ πῦρ
φοβῆμαι, δειλιῶ τὸ πῆξον καὶ τιμὴν δάκρυον
κατασπάζομαι. *Eustathius de Ismenia &*
Ismenes Amoribus. Lib. 3. p. 97.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *M. White*, for *James Good*,
Bookseller in *Oxford.* 1682.



THE
PICTURE
OF
Love Unveil'd.

Humbly dedicated to Ma-
dam, M. A.

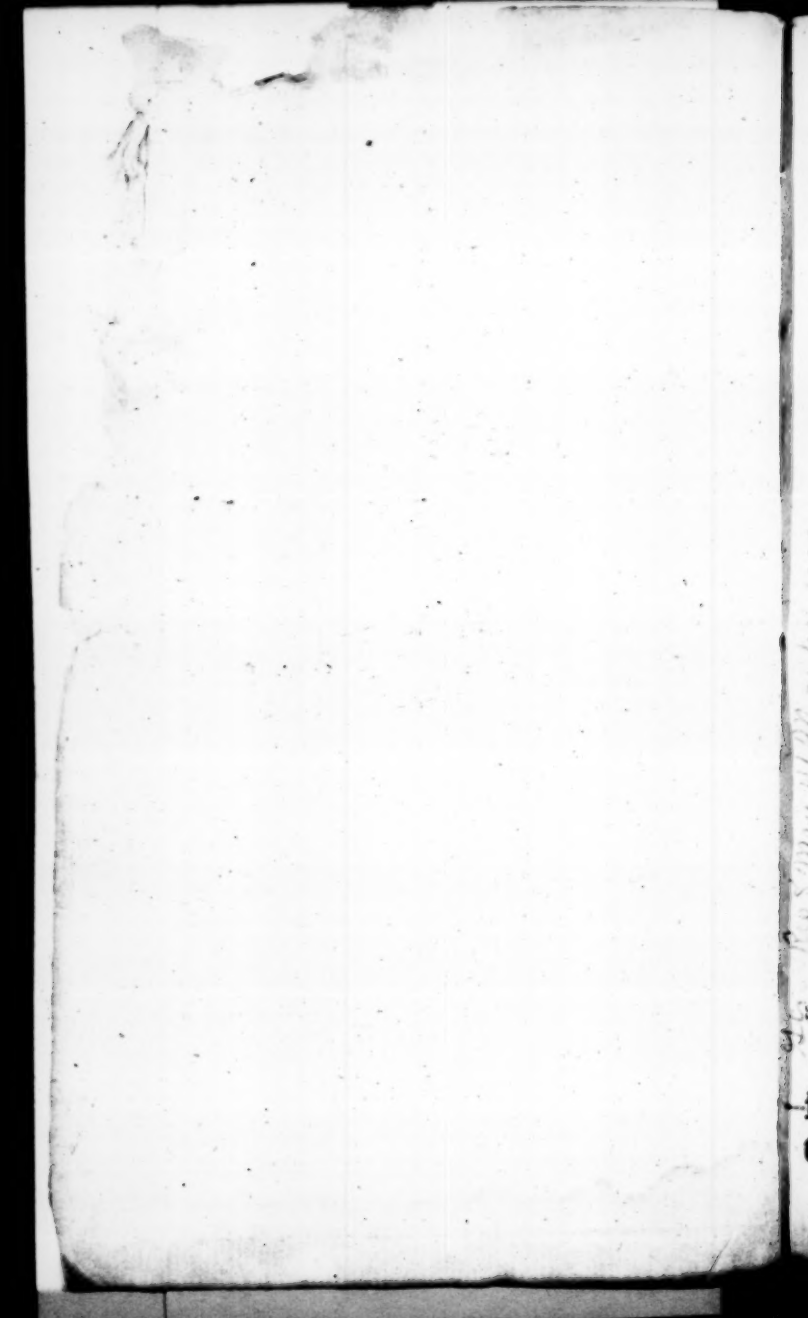
Madam,

THE reason why I
thought fit to dedicate
this Novel to a *Wo-*
man, was because the
subject is soft and feminine; but
the powerful bias which deter-
min'd

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A 2

The Epistle Dedicatory.

min'd my Choice to *you* for its Patroness were those many and great Obligations which you have upon me ; whereby like Heaven you claim a right to all my endeavours. I say a right, for I am far from the vanity of thinking this or any other present I can make you such a *free-will-offering*, as may in the least pretend to be *meritorious*. No Madam, you have so much got the *Start* of me in Obligations, and have such an anticipating *Mortgage* on the residue of my actions, that I can do you no piece of service, which you had not a Title to before : Like Votaries in Religion, who cannot burn Incense to the Gods, but with their own perfumes. But though we are not so *Impiously* vain, as to think we oblige Heaven when we erect Altars, and Consecrate Temples; yet Religion allows us to expect, and the Divine goodness

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ness vouchsafes us favourable acceptance. But to question my success in that, were to measure your goodness by the narrowness of my own merit. Especially since the Oblation is attended with so much devotion, and in the most *Literal* sense is all over *Love*. And this gives me occasion to say a word or two concerning the work it self. That which I here present you with, is the Picture of *Love*, a very excellent *piece*, drawn to the life in every *Feature*. This admirable Picture (so natural is modesty to great and true worth) has a long time conceal'd it self under a foreign veil, by the removal of which, I have added one degree of goodness more to its many excellencies, *Communication*. Indeed I thought it unreasonable, since *Love* and *Religion* are things equally implanted in the hearts of all mankind,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that the myſteries of one ſhould
be contain'd in an unknown
Tongue, more than thoſe of the
other. And now Madam I have
one more Dedication to you, and
that is of my ſelf, who am with-
all imaginable ſincerity, your
moſt devoted Servant,

Phil-icon-erus.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Author of this Translation thinks fit to acquaint the Reader, that although he admires Effigies Amoris as an Author which for sweetness of fancy, neatness of Stile, and lusciousness of hidden sense may compare to say no more, with any extant; yet he has not been so Judaically superstitious, as to adhere to every minute Phrase, or particle of sense; contenting himself that he has not let any one thought of moment escape him. Justice to the Author requires the one, and the privilege of a Translator justifies the other. For certainly that

The Preface.

verbal and servile way of Translating,
~~is~~ the worst ridiculing of a well
Penn'd discourse that can be, and
serves for no end, but only to help
out a despairing School-boy, at a dead
lift. Yet lest any should suspect
this as a pre-contrived Apology for
a too licentious Innovation, he would
have them observe, that where the
Authors Idiom will fall in natur-
ally with our own (which is no con-
tradiction, for he does not take [I-
diom] in that rigorous sense, as
Logicians do their proprium quar-
to modo, but only for a true cu-
stomary measure of speaking, where-
in languages may sometimes agree,
and sometimes not) he prefers it,
which is enough to acquit him from
that charge. In the next place he
desires that none would pretend to
Criticize on the Translation but those
who thoroughly understand the Ori-
ginal; and then he thinks he shall
have but few and those Judicious
Criticks. For certainly the sense
of

The Preface.

of this Author lies so far in, that 'tis not to be seen through by a purblind apprehension, no nor by a Curfory glance of the most quicksighted mind. His thoughts are so numerous, sublime and depending, his images of things so fine-wrought and pathetical, his method so secret and lurking, yet withal so accurate, that they require as much advertingency of mind as a Mathematical demonstration. Nay there are some such mystical and exalted Conceptions in him, as can scarce be reach'd but by a Reader almost Dieted into a Platonist, and, as Des-Cartes saies of his Metaphysical meditations, cannot be understood as they should be; but by a mind sequestr'd from all Commerce with the senses. The Judicious reader will think this no Hyperbole, when he shall find that after he has thought himself possess'd of the very mind and soul of the Author upon a review or more leisurely inspection, he will

The Preface.

*discern new thoughts like little Stars
glimmering out of the rich Galaxy,
and spring a mine of undiscovered
sense. And then the found Trea-
sure, besides the sweetness of con-
quest, will abundantly recompence
the pains of the most diligent en-
quiry. Here you have Love tra-
sed through all its various notions
and acceptations, and represented
in the most perfect and refined Idea
of each: the measures and Offices
of Friendship stated, true generous
Friendships distinguish'd from those
mercenary and sensual associations,
which usurp that sacred, name, such
as Plutarch calls Ἰδωλα καὶ μιμήματα
φιλίας, the Idols and Apes of friend-
ship, an account of almost all Pa-
thology, wherein the passions are
so sweetly represented, as to make a
Stoick in Love with them; and
all this perform'd with the Accu-
rateness of a Moralist, tho' yet with
the Elegance of a Rhetorician.
To mention but one Commendati-*

The Preface.

on more which must not be omitted,

Nil dictu foedum visuue hæc limina tangit.

Here is nothing immodest or obscene, no thoughts which would forfeit a state of innocence, or profane the Cell of an Hermite. In the most sensitive Images of Love and Passion, the modest Apelles has drawn Venus but to the Waist. But 'tis impossible to represent this Author as well as he has done Love; neither indeed does he need any commendatory Pass-port, he carries worth enough with him to approve him to all those that understand him.

Some . . .

B
bu
bo
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Cr
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gia
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fo



Some body being very in-
quisitive to know what Love
was, the Author returns him
this answer.

I Am too Sensible of the *Wanton*
 Tyranny of *Imperious Love*, and
 with what severe trials it con-
 stantly exercises the affections.
 But although to Love be as great a la-
 bour as any of *Hercules's*, since it con-
 tinually imposes new tasks and *Pilgri-*
images, allots us most *Rigorous* services,
 and perversly contrives to please with
 Cruelty: Yet nevertheless we are well
 content (we who have sworn *Alle-*
giance to Love) that it freely exer-
 cise this its unlimited dominion, that
 so the Austerity of the impositions
 may

Lovers
can do all
things,
even be-
yond their
strength.

may magnifie both its own Sovereignty and our compliance. Let it command us what is in our Power, and what is not in our Power (except this one thing, not to love) neither let it exact any thing below a miracle, since with the Command it gives ability, elevates the mind above it self, and makes the man commence a Deity. So that he deserves not the name of a Lover, who does not act beyond the Sphere of All, and rise up to his wishes by Heroical undertakings. No, he is but a Novice in Love who does not act somewhat above himself in obedience to his Passion.

Every one is the most pleasing spectacle to himself. Whatever by shewing us to our selves doubles our embraces is highly dear to us : But if it render us maim'd it becomes dearer by deformity it self.

But you (*my friend*) with equity re-demand a draught of those affections which you your self first taught me, though divested of your own grace and Elegancy. Is it because it will be so delightful to you to Contemplate the reflected Image of your self, which is as lively engraven on my Devoted breast, as on an Adamantine Table: and will so please you to take a nice and Critical survey of me as far as I may appear

appear the workmanship of your own Art? Or is it because your image can receive no disadvantage from any blemish of the matter, but like the Sun-gilds even the spots themselves with its Lustre, that you will not like a peevish Lady be displeas'd at your Looking-glass, for presenting you with deformities which are none of your own, and as it were *Burlesquing* your face? I know not how it comes to pass, but we have a kind of Love for the very decrepit shadows which are the reproach of our own bodies, and are apt to pay a more awful Veneration to maimed Statues. So parents are commonly more tenderly affected toward their mis-shapen Children (as if Nature had so order'd it as a Solace to misfortune) and treat these Monsters of the Womb with greater reverence, as if they were the presages of something extraordinary. Whereas all others deride the transposed Mass of a distorted body, the *Anagram* of a man. Certainly there is something Sacred in deformity. The Prophets thought it more Divine than any beauty, more fit to represent the Grandeur of a Deity, and render an

Oracle

Or from
this very
shew of
injury or
antiquity.

Deformity
is a Sacred
thing.

Oracle Majestick. It does at once scare Mortals and lecture them, and challenges not so much our Love as our adoration. Every one is the most pleasing object and Charming spectacle to himself, and the eye seems to be priviledged with the pleasure of the mind, while it reflects its sight upon it self, being at once the object and the beholder. Whatever that is which by shewing us to our selves doubles our embraces, must needs be highly pretious. But if it represent us maim'd and defective, it acquires a new value from the very shew of injury or antiquity. I am not therefore a little indebted to nature for making my mind a *blank Table*, though for no other reason than this, that it might receive so much of your Image, whereby it might delight both it self and you. But 'tis a *prodigy* (they say) *when Images once begin to speak.*

'Tis the
Mystery of
Love,
which can-
not be ex-
press'd,
unless it
be its own
interpre-
ter.

And indeed I find it far easier to love, than to express that which delights only to be perceived, not to be shewn; and because lodged in the recesses of the heart, disdains to admit the Tongue to be its consort. That,
which

which none of us have learnt from precedents and instructions, but then only begin to know when we have all experimented it. You would say *Cupid* were not only *blind* but *Dumb*, since he renders every member of the body vocal except the Tongue. Hence 'tis that Lovers with more Eloquence communicate sighs than words, as so many internunciary particles of vital Air, and like Doves of *Venus* mourn forth animated letters. Hence 'tis that they keep a *silent* intercourse with their fingers, now eloquent without a Pen, and weave Dialogues in little Posies. They hear one anothers mutual wishes, and read one anothers visible souls, by those vocal messengers of the affections, *affable* Nods, and *darting* Smiles. Sometimes their *significant* gestures composed as it were of so many rhetorical figures, court in a various and Mysterious Dialect. Sometimes their ranging aspects are earnestly fix'd on one another as on strangers, and while they seem to disown all acquaintance, grow familiar by stealth. Sometimes their contracted brows pretend a passion, yet they do but all the while *industriously* fawne, and

The Idioms of Lovers like those of Embassadors, are delivered in inverted Characters.

They converse like Angels by intuition, the will not the intellect explaining it self.

and *designedly* wait for delicate pleasures. Sometimes their souls interchangeably gliding from their eyes, take a Cursory taste of *Bride-kisses* at a distance, and bring home their stolen sweets with Triumph. 'Tis at once their greatest boast and pleasure to remain undiscover'd. Thus that which has so often appear'd in Theatres, does still decline spectators, and acts its plaies in its *own* disguise. Methinks these Divine conversers enjoy a priviledge above the Laws of humane Commerce, thus to hit one anothers meanings by most infallible tokens, to pry into the very inward parts, and to entertain themselves with a *Divination* rather than a Conference. For they are mutually discern'd by the clearer vision of thought, before they deliver themselves in words, or know how to counterfeit; and their wishes become visible like Phantoms, but withall like some Pictures cannot be understood with less art than was used in the making. They uncase themselves of their bodies like gods quitting their Shrines, and not only expose themselves to view, but intermix, and infuse

fuse a soul into each other with every accent. Their wandering and ecstatic souls freely pass to and fro as 'twere within the same body, and converse as softly as if in a Soliloquy. This one passion cannot possibly be express'd, but is as a mystery to be adored, whose Rites like some of greatest antiquity among the gods, are shrowded no less than Crimes, with a bashful secrecy. All Love has its veil, and the Votaries of *Venus* like *Aeneas* go surrounded with a Cloud, and in the most popular concourse enjoy a concealment. Neither does *Cupid* content himself with a single veil, but loves to view wounded hearts in *Masquerade*, and to secure himself invisible. So that Love, to whose friendly influence the orderly System of the Universe owes its composure, has left it self in confusion, bury'd in the Old Chaos and primitive obscurity.

Venus has hitherto avoided the Sun as a betrayer of her secrecie; and to prevent discovery, some god or other has shut up all kind of Love as well as that of *Pasiphae*, in a Labyrinth, where if it chance to be taken, it appears

All Love
has its
veil.

Love is an
unexpres-
sible mys-
terie.

It is also a
riddle.

Love-Pro-
blems.

At once
malicious
and bene-
volous.

pears all over intangled with Nets and Toiles; or confusedly warpped up like a Monster. Indeed every Lover is a Riddle and a blind Problem to himself. He lives *Amphibiously*, and is made up of contradictory passions, waisted up and down by those alternate tides of his breast, so that from him you may learn that contrary winds and *Seditious* Waters gave birth to *Venus*. Is it so that the same person is enslaved and yet acts with all freedom, is master of his own will, yet at the same time subject to anothers, and like the manumiss'd Slaves of Emperors purchases his power over his Mistress by a long Apprentiship of servitude and compliance? Is it so that the same person by an happy contradiction is at once both dead and alive, and *Phoenix*-like makes himself a *vital* funeral-pile, that he may revive more Nobly from his Flames? Is it so that there is so much madness and *maliciousness* in the desires of Lovers, as to wish them miserable who are most dear to them, only that they may have an opportunity to relieve their misfortune? First to inflict a wound, that they may be the authors of

of its Cure? To wish them deserted of their friends and fortune, that they may succeed in their Room? So that necessity rather than *Courtship* and *merit*, may allure them into their embraces? 'Tis hard to know whether you have to deal with a friend or an enemy, since the same part is thus enviously acted by hatred and too ardent affection.

'Tis somewhat unkindly done to deprecate the Love of others, that he himself may engross all, and to forbid and implead all other companions as encroaching on his peculiar; nay more, studiously to contrive how to prevent the growing wisdom of his dearest, lest it should occasion a contempt of himself. For 'tis expedient that the person *lov'd*, as well as the *Lover* be blind. How also does the feverish and love-sick breast labour under the alternate Paroxysms of heat and cold. Neither is there any Love without a mixture of indignation. He curses (and that deservedly too) his pleasing tormentor that scorches him in these flames, and snatches him from Himself; but still like the fly he loves to sport about the *dazling* brightness, and from
so

No Love
without
some in-
dignation;

so divine an Author to *enjoy* a Noble ruin.

The unhappy Lover seeks for himself out of himself, and lingers on purpose to be caught, that he may have the happiness of redeeming himself, and knows no better way to be next to himself, than to approach as nigh as he can to the possessor of his heart. He finds it a difficult thing to Love, and much more not to Love, but the greatest difficulty of all is to *acquiesce* in the fruition of his Love. He cannot be otherwise than miserable, since the issue of his desires is as uneasy to him as the desires themselves : So that should auspicious Heaven favour him with a successful Love, he presently wishes again for his former disquiets, and seems to miss that pleasing Torment, to sigh and languish. So much more pleasant is it to be alwaies *advancing* toward an enjoyment, 'than to be *lock'd up* in the *Chains* of an embrace. And truly every one thinks more highly of his desires, than of the accomplishment of them. No condition certainly can make him happy, who pines at fruition it self, as depriving him of his sighs and

and pensive pleasures. And this is the hard misfortune of all Lovers, who though never so much the favourites of fortune, yet can never be happy through the *conspiracy* of their own minds.

How strange is it that he should shun the presence of that person as some boding object, whose aspect is yet the very *Manna* of his soul, and the raies of whose face he thinks more pleasant than those which saluted him at his Nativity! What a *Paradox* of unhappiness is this to be master of ones wish, and yet not be able to enjoy it. Why 'tis that majestic beauty which does at once invite and discourage, 'tis the brightness of that Serene face which like that of the Sun, does at once refresh and dazle the beholder. The poor Votary stands astonish'd with the dread of so great divinity, which his own fancy has clothed with an awful horror; thunderstruck like a *Cyclops* with bolts of his own forging. His passion has Deifi'd his Mistress, so that now the enjoyment seems too great and excellent to be made use of, and he begins with a kind of envy to become his

He loves
and fears
the sight
of his
belov'd.

his *own* rival. A Religious concern
 awes him from Embraces , and the
superstition of his Love whispers him
 in the ear, that what he takes for his
 Deity must not be approach'd with
 Corporal Addresses, but only by the
Sallies of thought.

He rejoices
 and
 sighs by
 course.

Certainly this passion is favour'd
 with the peculiar care of Heaven,
 since it has mingled a melancholy
 trembling with its joys, only to en-
 hance and refine the pleasure. Hence
 'tis that the desires so torment, as
 that they also please, and the sweets
 are so beset with prickles, that they
 also allay our complacencies. They
 are sparingly imparted to us, yet so as
 Ladies faces, which are only more
openly hid through their thin silk-
 en veils. So that 'tis their fortune
 at once to have and want, since they
 aspire at greater bliss than can
 possibly be enjoy'd all at once. These
 little *antepasts* of Love, to sit by, to
 walk with, to gaze upon, and to
 speak to her, are permitted only one at
 a time. And after all this, the lan-
 guishing and restless mind, satisfi'd
 neither with gazing nor conversing,
 aspires unto something more divine,
 which

which is both out of her reach and knowledge. This is (I know not by what destiny) this is the proper infelicity of Lovers, that because they never use to lay hold on any happiness but in a dream, they *Sceptically* distrust their most real delights, treat them as tenderly as if they were dreams and shadows, refuse to be imposed upon again, and are *afraid* even to *enjoy*.

This very passion which composes all other commotions of the Mind, which civilizes Men, Brutes and Philosophers, is at variance only with it self, and weds together things of an unlike nature in a jarring and untunable union. Do you upbraid our Lover with Effeminacy, whose arms are fretted only with embraces: who always breathes out either perfumes or sighs; who is struck down with the menace of a sleight frown, and the glance of an eye? Know that he is also hardy and masculine, who can endure his careful Vigils, patiently expecting at the door all night for the day-break of his Mistress's eyes, and exercising his mind with such an unwearied repetition of customary hard-

B

ship,

He is at
once effe-
minate
and man-
ly.

Ship, till he become greedy of fresh encounters. He delights to supply the dearth of fears and troubles by his fruitful imagination, to turn the hazards of his health into so many arguments for his Love, the paleness of his complexion into a mode of Courtship, and by misery it self to demonstrate himself a Lover.

Do you call him stupid, because he's as much affected and inflamed with blows and flouts as with the greatest endearments of kindness? Believ't, he's become all Soul, or at least a celestial spark of fire, which is insensible of strokes; or if that sound ridiculous, know that 'tis the Philosophy of Love to conquer anger with kindness, and extinguish one fire with another, but a more noble one. This does notwithstanding rather argue the great fervour, than stupidity of the Lover; for as injuries disregarded wear off, so lovingly receiv'd are changed into favours; or as all hard things, are broken upon a yielding softness.

The faults
of a Lover
please.

Why do you still exclaim against him as mad and blind, because he dotes upon the very blemishes of another, as starry ornaments, collects a beauty

beauty out of defects, and by a good natured mistake, like a *Panegyrist*, graces a fault with the name of a neighbour Vertue? Let his Mistress be never so careless of her self, the *Artificial* Lover still represents her to himself in the most lively ornament of additional Beauty. But you with too much rigour require a *Censor* instead of a *Friend*, and *Judgement* instead of *Affection*, by envying the Lover this happy delusion wherein he so pleases himself. Let him impose upon himself this commendable cheat, and frame a more than ordinary Idea of her in his mind, whom he intends there to adore and contemplate with a more than ordinary devotion. Painters should not draw Faces too *Conscientiously*, but now and then bestow a favourable stroke, flatter the Original, and so polish the Table, till by its shining smoothness, it become a Looking-glass rather than a Picture.

You mistake, if you think the Eyes of Lovers are blinded; no they are only mask'd, and so see the more clearly and securely through their Avenues and Loop-holes. You may

Blind, but
withal
quick-
sighted.

rather think them contracted, as the manner of Archers is, that they may take the surer aim. When they stand fix'd on one object, 'tis not through blindness that they see not the rest, but a disdainful and voluntary neglect. When the eyes weary themselves with gazing on one single object, and as 'twere of set purpose grow *Bankrupt*, and lay out their whole sight upon it, that they may never see any thing besides, this is not to be blind, but to see too much. If the entertainment of Philosophy be nothing else but to contemplate Idea's, sure no employment so Philosophical as to Love. Yea more, if every one Loves just as much as he understands, then what is counted the *Madness* of the affections, is indeed an argument of knowledge, to be vehemently Love-sick. Hear the Stratagems and Sieges of Lovers, equal to the Conquests over Kingdoms. Look upon the train of Captive Ladies, daily led in Triumph, as so many Living Trophies of their Wit, who must first be *deceiv'd*, before they can be taken, and be brought *unwillingly* to what they desire. So much would they rather

ther be wheedled than plainly lov'd,
 and be circumvented with wiles and
 subtilties, before they are with em-
 braces. Think, if you can, what
 Enthusiastic Strains are inspired by a
 Mistress, what an Itch of Poetry she
 excites in the Passions of a Wound-
 ed Breast, and teaches it to make
 Wanton Sallies in Odes and Epi-
 grams. Ambitious of such an En-
 thusiasm, you will cry out with the
 Poet, *O grant I may be in Love*: And
 ever after invoke *Cupid* instead of
Apolla. You maliciously err, whoever
 you are that take the mysteries of a
 Divine Ecstasie for the Wild Ranges
 of an Unhing'd Mind. Love does most
 luckily, without any Consultation,
 dispense his Motions, and with an
 un-erring Hand darts forth Humane
 Hearts, though Blind, and so not ca-
 pable of hitting the Mark by aim.
 For his Hand is directed not by the
 Eye, but some Divine Instinct, nei-
 ther is he steer'd by Reason, but acts
 by somewhat more Divine, like God
 himself, who is not endow'd with
 Reason, which would betray him into
 Error, but prosecutes whate're he
 does by a most Infallible tendency,

Love has
 reason in
 its mad-
 ness.

and owes not his Wisdom to the *Chain* of Deliberation.

'Tis peculiar to a wise man.

How agreeably do these two things conspire, to Know and to Love! Since it seems the Prerogative of God, and next to him of a Wise man, who knows, as certainly as the Oracle, who's best; for to Love any besides the best is impossible. This is that only He, who passes a Judgement as even, and as true, as the Laws of Fate. He cannot be said to Love, who is misled by his opinion, and who makes an unsuitable choice; or which one time or other he must necessarily Hate.

For the Union of Lovers knows no more how to admit of a Divorce, than the most Solemn Marriage. The Virginal Zone is no sooner unloos'd, but there succeeds another Knot, which like the Gordian one, may perhaps be cut asunder, but never unty'd: For although Death can do the former, yet it cannot the latter. The Love does not dye with its departed Object. His Consort will not seem old to him, when indeed she is, and that Spring of Beauty which is now faded into an Autumn,

turn, will be kept in his faithful
 mind fresh and verdant; and he will
 Love with his *memory* at least his now
 disguised and almost unknown Wife.
 Nay never after the last separation, his
ever, ever surviving friend shall live in his
 tenacious memory, as if he were
 divided from him only by the little
 intervals of absence: And as often
 as he embraces his sweet Phantasm,
 he will not yield him dead. You do
 nothing, ye Fates, we still continue
 our Commerce, we are still a loving
 Couple; you have robb'd others of a
 man, but me not so much as of a sha-
 dow. Before we had but one Soul be-
 twixt us, but now but one body. He
 is lodg'd in me as in his Star or
 Orb.

Love is
 perpetual.

And now Love seems to have made
 its Circle, always returning whence
 it began, resembling the motions of
 Heavenly bodies, it so ends in it self
 that it always begins. For he is no
 Lover who can one time or other
 Love less or not at all. Love has not
 as other things any end or satiety, nei-
 ther is it like hunger and thirst to
 be allay'd by its aliment. It is never
 glutted with its gratifications, but is

It is a
 Circle.

still whetted on with fresh delights : and as if the object were alwaies new, the Lover enjoys a daily *Epicurism* on his admired face. There is a continual spring in his delights, a continual thirst in his appetite, and he always finds out something more to be fond of. He is always in motion like the heavenly bodies and a Contemplative mind, never rests, never grows weary, but is refresh'd by his labour. He makes the end of one kindness but a step to another, till inflam'd with a double ardour, he first dotes on the person, and then on his own benefits.

It is a
death.

'Tis necessary that Love be immortal, either because 'tis vow'd to eternity, or because it always undergoes the changes of death. For who is there that does not know that the last Will and death of a Lover must be dated from the time, when he breathes out his soul in his last sigh to be received by the mouth of another, makes him compleat Heir of himself, dispenses his goods, sending them before as harbingers, whither he is prepared to follow? He has the Divine priviledge of Prophets to be rapt out of himself,

self, to enjoy a perpetual ecstasie of life, and to be emptied of his own Soul, that he may be more happily replenish'd with anothers. I believe the Transmigration of *Pythagoras* may be thus verifi'd, not by his *Philosophy*, but by his *Love*. For then his desultorious and *quicksilver* soul shifting it self at pleasure of the bodily case as of Cloths, repairs hastily to its pleasanter retreat, and more fair receptacle, as to the groves of *Elysium*. No person can be happy before *this* death, which is occasion'd by Love and Philosophy. The latter does it by disengaging the soul from the body, now all-dissolving in the Contemplation of amiableness: The former, by sending it forth to the imbraces of its fair Object. Thence arises a loathing, hence a flight and riddance of himself. On each hand there is an aspiring to a Fate Noble and void of all necessity, and Phoenix-like an ambitious longing for death. At the sight of a more Elegant Structure, like a delicate and nice Lady, he nauseates his own apartment with a *proud* uneasiness, and then wanders out into those florid regions, where since it was not his hap-

This is the
Pytha-
gorical
Transmi-
gration.

piness to be born, he will sojourn till
 he grow old in them, or by repeat-
 ing the rudiments of his life be *re-born*.
 Whoever you are who will not ad-
 mit these excursions of fugitive souls,
 do but observe more narrowly how
 the soul collects it self all to that place,
 where she approaches nearest to her
 dearest. If they joyn hands, you'd
 swear their *palpable* souls distributed
 themselves into the fingers on purpose
 to take fast hold of each other. If their
 sides be contiguous, you'l perceive an
 exultation of their hearts, and their spi-
 rits mutually trooping thither in an
 hurry, violently beating, and like
 Rusticks saluting one another with
 strokes; striving for vent, till they
 almost break Prison to get forth. By
 what Charm is the suddain and *Extempo-
 rary* blood summon'd up into the
 Cheeks at the sight of that dear Crea-
 ture, and as the hand of a wounded
 heart *points* at the striker, no otherwise
 than as the revengeful blood of a slain
 man vents it self upon the Murther-
 er? With this only difference, that
 one of these Crimson souls by I know
 no what instinct hastens after Revenge,
 and the other after a Cure. Observe
 again

Whence
 blushing
 proceeds
 from the
 sight of
 the per-
 son lov'd.

again how greedily their souls keep-
 ing Sentinel in the ears, lie at catch for
 words, and by and by turn themselves
 into them ; interchange Spirits while
 they hold Conference , and inform
 the very desires which they utter.
 Observe again how their Souls in a
 perpetual Emanation gliding from
 their eyes, waste themselves in Passio-
 nate glances, and suffer many a faint
 swoon with gazing. 'Tis one and the
 same thing with Lovers, to speak and
 expire, to see and dart themselves out,
 to gaze and be transform'd into
 the Spectacle. So impatient is the
 whole man of departure, that some-
 times he shifts himself into the eye ,
 sometimes into the ear ; and lives on-
 ly in *that* part where he enjoys his
 Consort. Thus Love teaches men a
 more *Compendious* knack of living, and
 makes them content like some Insects
 with one only sense. Yet this is not
 to maim the man , but to render
 him more Divine, by the fewness of
 Organs required to the Function of
 life.

But that which occasions a sweet
 detriment in the body, gives inlarge-
 ment to the Soul. Which though
 for

Whence a
deliqui-
um.

It is an ex-
 tension of
 the soul.

formed for one breast, now diffusing it self by a kind of expansion informs another, *redoubling* its life. She knows not in this confused *Miscellany* of bodies, for which she was at first made, so that in all Love there is improvement. Whoever Loves, becomes forthwith a number by himself. Like *Antipheron* he carrys about with him his daily Company, and enjoys his other self as his mate, if that may be call'd a number which is computed with the same counter, which one only man distinguishes placed here and there by turns. It happens by a fruitful error to Lovers as well as Drinkers, that all things appear double to them ; but withall so double , as the eyes are, which have but one motion, one vision. Here you may see two running into so close an Embrace , that they incorporate and become one, and so lose their Embraces in the undistinguishable foldings of their arms. While after the lot of *Salmacis* 'tis the same that does desire and is desired , he knows not whether he more truly Loves or is belov'd, neither does he enjoy but is *changed* into his wish. Pish, you put a trick upon me now

Cupid

He diffuses
one into
many.

Out of many
it
makes one.

Cupid with your excess of Munificence, while you hide that within my breast, which I seek to embrace. You are too propitious, do something of a contrary nature, that we may be two, that we may perceive our selves to be what we wish. 'Tis prejudicial to a Lover to enjoy too much. 'Tis prejudicial that he whom I would have my partner, should be all one with my self. Always thus to will and nill the same has no society in't, but much of a *Ridiculous* tediousness. When we would *consult*, we do but *assent* by course, and instead of being mutually officious, we are ridiculous to one another. Methinks I embrace a shadow instead of a friend, which always presses me close at the heels, and imitates all my motions. Withdraw a little from me, O my friend nearer to me than my self, *wish* as *well* to me as you can, but prithee *Love* me a little less.

But O what a profitable bill of exchange has this *Cupid* the *Usurer* of hearts! Whence the same Plastic virtue of Cementing Souls which out of many makes one, diffuses also one into many! So 'tis the same Unite which
un.

uncapable by it self of Computation is yet the principle of number. So Multiplication and Addition belong to the same art. Neither do we think this a damage, but an advantage, and perhaps a greater, to have our strength collected than extended at large. The more simple every thing is, the more perfect. To transcend the bounds of all space and number is the property of God. Whatever is the best and chiefest must be one.

And as Love is honour'd with the perfection of chiefest Unity, so is it with another, that of self-communication. For whatever is perfect, has still one way to become *more* so, and that is by distribution of its self. 'Tis an addition to its own fulness, to Inrich and Impregnate others. Hence 'tis, that the generous mind born as it were a Common Patron to mankind, and as prone to Love as worthy of the Love of all, invents a strange kind of Liberality, to give away it self to another: Which is indeed the only proper good a man has to bestow, and *Primitive Donative*. All other things are Foreign; and come not within the enclosure of

It is the
first gift.

pro.

property, which we can no more truly give than the Sun or Common air, and which we have scarce right to use; but are guilty of Rapin when we presume to give them, as being the gifts of Heaven and fortune.

Whoever Loves makes a nearer advance to a Deity, and therefore, God-like, is wholly intent on this one thing, to be beneficial. And therefore they who are well disposed in mind, as well as those of healthy constitutions, feel an ingenuous itch of Generating, that is of venting their thoughts, are still under the Travail of the brain, and the *Chaste* desires of propagating vertue. There is in fruitful minds as in quick-flowing fountains a certain active principle and restless spirit, which always pushes them forward to effusion. So far is Love from proceeding from indigence, that 'tis a word which denotes abundance, and greatly relieves the wants of nature: Unless you will call remedies themselves diseases, because joyn'd with them. Why should we complain any more of the Illiberality of Nature, since she has granted this ingenuous way of Commerce to mankind,

It is a name of opulency not want.

It is an ingenuous Commerce.

kinl, wherein every one surrenders up himself and receives another (for in Love we don't lavishly bestow, but exchange our selves) and whatsoever in another is more excellent, transfers into his own Repository ? He inherits anothers wealth , decks himself with supposititious endowments , and supplies his own defects out of anothers store.

Not with
a design,
though
Lot of
Communi-
cation.

But unless I am deceiv'd, there is no such thing as Traffick and Merchandize in Friendship: Neither is this Loves Motto, *Love that you may be Belov'd*. No we give freely, without any prospect of Gain, all that we are to another, with a *design* of Communication only, though with the *Lot* of an exchange. For what is more liberal than those Patterns of Love, God and our Parents? Whose Kindnesses exceeding all Gratitude, can only be Adored, never Repaid. Yet even there, where all endeavours of Retaliation would be *Impious* , there is something of return, since the Votary, at once the workmanship and maker of his God, does Deifie him by Adoration. And so he that owes the good of a short Life to his Parents ,
repays.

repays them with a *Posthumous* one, being not so much the Inheritor as Preserver of their transmitted Soul. See how the Vine, now no longer the Tree of *Bacchus*, but *Cupid*, surrounds her Masculine prop with a thousand Arms, and courts it with Amorous Embraces, that she may afford the better Protection and Ornament to it for supporting her. She brings no other Encumbrances than her juicy Pearls, and refreshing shades, whereby she defends it from the incommodities of Weather, which she sustains her self. So that to speak properly, Love does rather *bring* Assurances than *sue* for them. Whence it passes for a Badge of State, and becomes the part of Superiours to be more willing to Love, than to be Lov'd.

Go now, you that think men are not Sociable out of a Principle of Benevolence, but that like the Feebler sort of Beasts, they herd together for succour: Know that Love whom heretofore you took for a Boy, is long since grown up to maturity. Know that from these Altars is proscribed whatever is infirm, or of the
worse

Whatever is infirm is excluded from the rites of Love.

worser Sex, or of the weaker Age as barren Oblations, and Reproaches *Profanely* Pious. Neither may Children, Women, Old men, or (what's more infirm than all these) one of an ill mind list themselves under *Cupid's* Banner. What an odd contention of Kindness will there be, where to Conquer, and to be Conquer'd are both full of shame, and Flight more creditable than either? What kind of League or Society can there be among those, who have nothing common but this *one* thing, *to live*?

Children are excluded, because immature as for Vertues so for Friendship.

But what shall we say of that toyish and impertinent Age, which changes Companions as often as Play-games, hourly; which is pleas'd with humane shapes in Arras as fine Company, but is affrighted with real men; whose unacquaintance with the causes of Love and Hatred is the merit of its Innocence, and a Vertue deserving pity. Which because it deals its affection to all as Parents, claims a Parents Indulgency from all, not yet ripe for Friendship. Although even this pretty erring Benevolence may seem the *Rudiments* of Kindness, and the *Nonage* of Friendship.

What

What of that other too severe Age, not less troublesome to others than to it self? That age I mean, which only dotes upon a Staff, or if on a man, 'tis for the same end, that it may have something to lean on. Which falls out with another at every fit of the Gout, and querulously blames the poor Lover for what is its own disease. Which with a mind as tremulous as Body suspects every thing, which stands upon the Guard even at the offices of kindness themselves, as at the Arts of Insinuation. To be too officious in pleasing the Man of this season, is to anoint the dead. He always envies me the freedom of my youth, or corrects it by the Pattern of his own that's past, always nibbling at my Manners, that he may opportunely boast his own, and so becomes too much my Rival. One would think him dead sometimes, to hear him talk of his Chronicles, and rehearsing his old Epitaphs. I am continually plagu'd with his rugged Admonitions, no less than with his Jar-rings and Snarlings, and all on this score, because I do not grow old fast enough to dye with him for company.

He

Old men also, who are troublesome either through too much dorage or too much sageness.

He importunately urges me to resemble him in his *wrinkled* severity, and that *Vertue*, shall I call it, or *Disease* of old age? To be *Wise and Morose*. Methinks I stand presented before a Magistrate, and am under a *Censure*, not a League of *Society*. But what more Cruel *Mezentius* is this, who betroths Carkases to warm Embraces? And in the *Jubilee* of a Sprightly Life enjoins Dotage and Counsel? What unreasonable Controller is this who commands me to live backward with a man of another Age? Whom to be Familiar with, is indecent, and whom to reverence at a distance, is to *Canonize* him above the confines of Love and Humanity. But as the pleasure of sorting with equals, gives young minds an early foretaste of a more mature Love; so it may seem the last effort of a decay'd heat, either out of Complaisance to accommodate their dotage to the scandal of youth, or to Cough in consort with those of the same Age, and to enjoy at once the Remembrance and Envy of their past Amours. For they have nothing now to do (having with much regret receiv'd their *Mittimus*) but to be present

sent at others Loves, to minister to others the *Philtres* of Advice, and to sigh, to teach them soft Embraces, and to languish for the desire of them. For these Mortify'd Skeletons still miserably pant with the Relicts of their Flames as of their Lives, which do not inspirit them with any present vivacity, but rather shew they did once live, and so apply the Marriage-Torch of *Cupid* to the Pomp of a Funeral.

But, O *Cupid*, O *Hymen* ! What unequal Torches do you kindle? A Man with a Woman! This is not to unite, but to destroy. These are a couple more unhappily match'd than the Soul with the Body; whose Fellowship, while it gratifies her, degrades and dishonours her, and in a pretence to serve, cheats and prejudices her. There's so much disproportion, that a Woman can't fill the other Scale of the Ballance without additional Gold. There's need of a Dowry and stipend to these Embraces, these Caresses. This is a Felicity to be bought, we don't admit you to it *gratis*. Neither is a Woman to be esteem'd a *Consort* to a man, but belongs

Women
also as Animals of
a different
kind from
Man.

longs to the *Inventory* of his *Goods*
 and *Chattels*; the furniture of his
 Bed-Chamber, and the Ornament of
 his Table. She serves instead of a
 little Shock to divert oneself with-
 al, not to employ any part of
 ones life about. She should be re-
 garded only at those dull hours,
 which nature has allotted for grief
 and sleep. My Mistress is welcome at
 Supper-time or at Night, that time
 I'll throw away on her which would be
 lost otherwise. She can scarce fill
 up these *Intervals* of life, these *pa-*
renthesis's of respite, and little *blanks*
 of action. She is added to the tasks
 of rigorous nature, and helps on the
 loss of our time, more than eating
 and sleeping. Shall I call this a Wife?
 By the leave of the Female Academy
 I'll tell you plainly what I think. I
 believe these *Expletive* Particles of
 mankind were put into the world for
 no other end than flies, only to pre-
 vent a vacancy. I ever took this fri-
 volous Impertinent to be a certain
 middle Animal, which like a Centaur
 compounds a man with a Beast, and
 detains him as it were within the Con-
 fines of both natures and a Metamor-
 phosis.

phosis. Will you call this Society; whereby a man gains this *one* thing, not to be *alone*? 'Tis more than enough for them if they can but own the force of reason and submit to it, though they never use any, and like Creatures naturally Wild and Savage, can be made tame and civiliz'd by familiarity. There's nothing in them deserves so much Caution, as lest they should grow wise, or know any thing beyond bare silence, and the *simplicity* of pleasing.

Friendship is too Sacred a thing to admit of any Embraces, though innocent, which it ought to blush at if observ'd. 'Tis a flame too Noble to be attended with any levity, nay 'tis a Marriage too strait to admit any difference of Sex. This is the highest work of reason to make choice of such a person, whose conduct you would rather use than your own, to whose will you would always conform; or even to know how to wait so long, till you can choose a fit object for your Love, and after that so to Love as one that's hurri'd with bare Passion, not steer'd with judgment, as one that's so far from Apostasie that he

Friendship is a work of reason as well as affection.

which only agrees with it self and makes two live by one rule.

It is a
work of
vertue.

Whose
Communion is
without
deteri-
ment.

he is always beginning his Love. This is to joyn impatience with constancy. This is to receive the belov'd Idea imprinted in the mind with more exactness, and to retain it with more faithfulness than Wax. Besides, 'tis also the work of vertue to state one measure of desires, to preserve an exact uniformity of manners through all the various scenes of fortune, and lastly so to Harmonize two, that (what *one* can hardly perform) they may act *one* man. These must of necessity always will the same, because they will only the best things. There must needs be also between them the greatest freedom of Communion, because they communicate what without envy they possess, their Vertues; and so with greediness they *Covet* an effusion of these goods of their mind, till the Candor of their Souls like the light of Heaven improve it self by an incessant Emanation. Add to this, that the League of this rational friendship will be firmer than the Stoical Chain of Destiny, since the perpetual alliance of Souls is not here founded upon having the same Parents, but the same principle of living, reason, and (what

has

has a more Vital influence) the being endued with the desire of the same excellency rather than with the same blood. The having the breast rather pant with the same desires, than the Arteries beat with the same spirits. The having a share in the same good and bad fortune, a more indearing instance than a common off-spring. You come short of the mystery, if you think the same soul, or the same divided resides in two bodies, 'tis more, they have the same Soul in two bodies *one and uniform*. You'd think even the *envy* of thought could not abstract them, since there is nothing left to distinguish them. For whatever distinguishes would at length divide them, nay 'twou'd make them conceive a greater disgust against each other like Half-brothers from the very nearness.

In vain are friendships and alliances as all other Vertues pretended to by Vicious men: Who are provok'd to mutual hatred and animosity by having the same pleasures, as much as by having the same Mistresses. To have the same thing commodious to both (though this be somewhat more Divine than to have the same common

An ill man
is not a so-
ciable
Creature.

C

Parents)

He disagrees with himself, avoids himself.

He is inclined to Society, not out of benevolence but self-dissimulation.

They who cannot endure those of like or unlike manners, like ulcers avoid the touch even of the Surgeon.

parents) breeds envy from their unlucky fellowship, and quarrels greater than those of mutual Pillagers, birds of prey or Coheirs. No third person will envy, but wonder at their conjunction, nay and will hardly grant them joyn'd any otherwise than fellow sailers in the same bottom, recommended to each other by fears and dangers ; whom as soon as Landed the success of the voyage will disengage, whose society will suffer Shipwreck from the Land-tempest of Interest and Traffick, and be dissipated into various Climes by the greater Love of Countries than of men. With what constancy can you think they will adhere to others, who were not mov'd to this Sociable humour from a principle of benevolence, but a great weariness of themselves ? They can hardly endure the *Penance* of their own Company, and therefore strive to lose themselves among Crouds, not using the nicety of Choice, but catching at the first opportunity of refuge. For who can please them who don't like themselves, who abhor the instances of unspotted Morality as unlike their own actions, and upbraid-

ers

ers of them, and therefore dread them as Malefactors do the Magistrate? And as for actions resembling their own (so great is their fear to be try'd even by imitation) they put from them as Rivals to prevent their own extrusion, and fly them as deformity do's a Mirror. This is the first punishment of immorality, by its own sentence even amongst men to be adjudg'd to the worst kind of solitude, treacherous Society. 'Tis the fate of an ill man to do all this in vain; To cheapen the good-will of others with a *Tale* of services, to let his mercenary soul for a little Hire and fair words, diligently to attend his friends, yet so as he cleanses shoes, and rubs down his Horse as things serviceable and belonging to his Estate; in fine, to do all this only for his own ends, and (which is the usual Fate of great benefactions) to lose all through ingratitude, and among these amorous addresses to fortune, to burn with an hatred and loathing of himself. Would any one now joyn himself to him *another* self, whom he sees thus disagreeing with himself? Would any one be ambitious of his *Cruel* benevolence, by whom he would

not be lov'd with the same mind
 wherewith he stands affected to him-
 self? Whose serene looks like those
 of *Mars* and Fortune, he must be jea-
 lous of, and enjoy his delights as ti-
 merously as Treacheries, or such which
 the next blast or Sunshine will scatter
 or dissolve. Methinks I see the ill
 match'd pair exactly resembling a
 spread Eagle, with striving Embraces,
 like faces, both averse from each other
 as in a Divorce, contrary tendencies,
 always avoiding and always pulling
 one another back. Dissolve ye Gods
 this unhappy, this forced connexion,
 and ye Painters the bolder Artificers.
 Half of the Monster will flee away and
 desert it self, and then 'twill appear
 they stumbl'd upon one another by
 error, not met out of choice. O deform'd
 Prodigy of *Venus*! Nature abhors
 these Incestuous Conjunctions more
 than the Monstrous productions of
 Creatures of a several kind. Nothing
 is more unhappy than this sort of
 Lovers, who like the Emperors of
 Old time, or like birds, betroth them-
 selves here and there at random, but
 on a set time, and with due Cere-
 mony, and yet presently after the
 season

season is over disingage again. When the heat is abated there ensues a new ardour of Divorce. Their affection endures no longer than the short-lived gust of the Banquet, when they are satiated they must rise. For they don't know all the while what'tis which they Passionatly long'd for. Their casual affection springs from the madness of their desires, like *Venus* from that of the Waves. 'Tis cherish'd and kept alive by mistakes, and no sooner thoroughly known than disapprov'd. To speak freely, whoever Love through Brute tendency or diseases, do rather burn and rave together in a *Fever*, than consent in the Harmony of *affection*.

It is enacted by the severe Statute-Law of Nature as well as the Edict of *Lycurgus*, not for the Luxury but Discipline of the world, that no man shall be without his Lover. How well is it, that there is the same necessity impos'd upon us of Loving and living, and that the same radical heat proves *Amorous*, as well as *Vital*! The *Epicureans* who could be contented without the protection of the Gods, could not yet endure to be

The Law of *Lycurgus* and Nature agree, in making it a Crime to Love no body.

You may
sooner
find an A-
theist than
an Aphilist.

without Love whom they might adore, and in whose Religion they might more sweetly entertain themselves. So much more willing are we to make our own Deities, than to receive them made to our hands. And because 'tis Natural to us to be actuated by the instinct of Love and Religion, we use the same zeal of superstition in both, and rather than want an Idol to adore, we adopt the most unworthy and ridiculous things, Cats and Dogs, and whatsoever was Idoliz'd in *Egypt*, into the list of our friends and House-hold-gods. Nay so great is the impatience of Love, that the poor homely *Gellia* for want of better servants makes a Gallant of her Looking glass, and what *Egypt* would be asham'd of, adores a Creature more Monstrous than any of *Nile*, herself. But 'tis a venial sin, we are all guilty of the same madness, and would rather doat foolishly, than Love nothing. Whether you will or nill, you must necessarily will something, since in your very nilling something is desired. The rest indeed of our Passions are disposed of at our pleasure, or else easily dwindle away consumed by

There is
no man
who is not

by their own violence. Grief if it refuse to yield to reason, yields at length to time, to hatred. Hatred through the disturbance of Choler or fear becomes troublesome, first to it self. And fear, not to mention any other remedy, may be crush'd by the evils themselves, and overcome by its own greatness harder, and be cured by Stupidity. Anger the most impetuous of all, either by weariness is tamed into Clemency, or being satiated dies, leaving like the Bee its life in the wound. This one Passion which grows Luxuriant in crosses, and Blossoms more deliciously under pressures, not given to us as the rest were, to be subdu'd; grows up into a necessity and *Voluntary Fate*. It freely parted with its liberty, which it quite spent in the election of that, which with an immortal desire it might at once possess and prosecute: Which it might wish never to have the power to hate. And now *what Modesty or measure is there in desire?* Whose Efforts if at any time misplaced, yet at least with a generous error they aspire to all as the most excellent objects. Of which he is unworthy who is not arrived

free sometimes from the other Passions.

None was ever free from Love.

Love knows no measure because it aspires to the best.

to this *Hyperbole* of madness, still more and more to desire, and yet to think he desires not enough; still more and more to enjoy, and yet not to be content with enjoyment, and to caress himself in his ever *unsatisfying* happiness.

As 'tis impossible to Love no body, so it is to Love one who is not best.

So 'tis: The Author of Nature hath by a firm Law, made it equally impossible either to Love none, or not the best. The former of which is with an inhumane pride to vilifie mankind, and the latter by the worst of Parricides, to destroy a mans self. For when he had the option of life given him, the disposal of his Nativity put into his own hands, and could have *re-made* himself in another, yet he chose to Perish. The Monarchy of the breast like that of *Alexander*, must be assign'd to the best deserving, whom to find should be the business of ones life. It must be a man made up of the highest endowments incident to Mortality, as compleat as a *Woman* could wish. A *Catholick* man accom-

That best which is no where

in nature we supply by opinion, and so patch up a felicity out of variety.

plish'd

plish'd with all the *Hyperbole* of virtues which may be any where found or imagin'd, and of which a man may have a notion, never the possession. In a word such a man, whom when with *impious* desires we have form'd, 'tis an Idea, or a God. And now alas! we find his dignity something above our Love, and fit only to be adored; worthy indeed of our Love but much more of our adoration. These are the flames due to the Altar. Nature has implanted this desire in us to her own disparagement, being not able to fill it. But yet lest what she intended as her greatest favour should prove a Torment (such as always provokes and never satisfies) she has so order'd it, that what is wanting in the things themselves should be supplied by our opinion, that our mistake at least might make up our happiness. We are gull'd with a counterfeit dress of Beauty, and are first deceiv'd before we are conscious of any happiness. Like *Pigmalion* we fall in Love with a Statue of our own making, and then think its Beauty not artificial but native. The mist of our ig-

norance recommends a cloud to our
 greedy Embraces instead of *Juno*, nay
 we Love to be cheated, and think it
 a part of humanity to be liable to
 slips, errors and misprisions. We
 are not damaged but gratifi'd in our
 desires by this *profitable* imposture,
 since the cheat pleases us more than
 the juggling shifts of Legerdemain,
 and enriches us with no false appear-
 ance of gain. Our credulity makes
 us truly happy, and (what is the com-
 mon lot of men of great Estates)
 we become more rich by the fame
 and suspicion of Wealth, than the
 largeness of our fortune. Go then
 enjoy securely those Treasures which
 you owe to the kindness of fancy, not
 to the bounty of providence; Those
 most fortunate collations not of a
 smiling fortune, but of an obliging
 opinion; those goodly possessions,
 which neither when the Gods frown,
 nor when fortune is dispos'd to be
 wantonly mischievous, are liable to
 danger. Which no violence, no nor
 another opinion will snatch away, un-
 less to give a new supply. For al-
 though opinion as the Sister of for-
 tune or Nature be pleas'd with vari-
 ety,

ety, yet the Love of variety will not recommend Monsters to her. She is not wanton to that pitch of levity, but only redresses the defects of things. The vicissitudes and changes of the affections like those of things are set out not so much for Beauty, as Solace and remedy. We reprehend the wandering and Alternate heat of Love to the discredit of Nature, not of those men who daily cast off their Thred bare Companions like old sutes, who take a desultorious tast of men as Bees do of Flowers, and because good is always to them in flux and uncertainty as truth is to Philosophers, resolve to Love *sceptically*: Neither is it an Argument of inconstancy, but judgment, thus to wander with choice, and to collect that from all in various *Gleanings*, which is in no one place to be had enough. No one thing is worthy long enjoyment; and these shadows of vertues rather than real ones, which we so much boast of, like rich Pictures endure only a cursory view at a distance, cannot bear the delay of nice observation, and vanish while leisurely beheld. All that's in that Pompous Title of Constancy is

Hence the levity of Loving is a remedy to the defects of things.

'Tis a sign of judgment and choice.

is not of such moment, that I should not do Homage to a greater merit, that I should not prefer a brighter Star, because once born under an obscurer Planet, that I should obstinately adhere to defects and losses, lest I should be said to have departed from my first condition ; or lastly that I should endure my chance, or what is altogether as erroneous, my own will, as calmly and immoveably as I would my destiny. Give me leave I pray, more passionately to admire those Rays of a diviner mind which I first adored in you, now more Brightly Shining in another. Suffer the progresses of Love which you first taught me. The same you who at first taught me to prefer the candor of your mind before the whiteness of *Lillies* or faces, and a rude simplicity before the enough easie, but foolish and too fond humanity, have now also taught me after the sight of a more Dazling Splendor to condemn your self, unless I may not hence be so properly said to condemn, as adore you with more devotion under a more glorious representation. Just so the lesser Lamps of Heaven are not extinct but over shadow'd, when
out

out of modesty they withdraw at the appearance of a greater Glory. Why do you call out upon the truth of Gods and men? I Love you only on this condition, so long as you either *are*, or to me *seem* the best.

Do but look down upon the brute Love-sports of Nature (though 'tis a shame to owe the Documents of life and vertue to such low instances) and see how all the parts even the worst in the Divine workmanship have an innate tendency to what is best, and are carried with admiration and desire to a greater excellency. 'Tis purposely so order'd by Nature, who is conscious of her own injurious and shameful sloth, who oftner suffers abortion than brings forth, and in Comparison to the exemplars and Ideas of things is deliver'd of as many Monsters as Creatures. She has therefore indued them with a plastick vertue, that they may advance nearer to their Ideas, and so become their own Correctors. Her work comes at first out of her hands in half and imperfect pieces, till she joyns one part to another and so compleats both. This one ambition of aspiring to
some-

All appetite, even the most insensate tends to a better nature as to its Idea.

The
double
end of na-
tural Love.

something better, moves every thing to leap the *Pale* of its own condition. For this reason the *Heliotrope* though rooted fast in the gound, follows the Course of the Sun, and with an opposite mouth drinks in the Sun beams tell she her self become a *Vegetable Star*. With the same Ardour of ambition, while stones receive the *Æthereal* rays, they become a glittering concretion of *Massy* light, and what before were only the rigid Excrescencies of a cragged bulk; now look like gems, and dart forth glimmerings as well in a Rock, as in a Lovers Ring. With this sweet art while the Sea partakes as clearly of the motion as the image of the Moon, it enjoys the intelligence of the Celestial Orb as its own. With this lovely envy while the Steel is drawn with admiration of the Load-stone, and by and by with mutual breathings and Nuptial Embraces exhales its pretious Soul, as if 'twere now it self become a Load-stone exercises Charms of its own, and draws other things as much as 'tis drawn it self. There is indeed in nature, as well as in common life an ambitious indigency, and cringing to
Supe.

Superiours. Neither is there any thing more regarded in another than the eminency of its order. Had we no such thing as a Philosopher, yet we have *Philomathematical* Waves, which shew the wain of the Moon with more certainty than Almanacks and Ephemerides. We have *Astronomical* Flowers, which teach us the motion of the Sun, and instead of striking watches, give an Articular notice of the declining day. Had this Theater of the World no Philosophical spectator, to consider its rarities with Scrutiny and Inspection, yet all Nature herself is inamour'd to admiration with her own Beauty, and as both the eyes of the World, so both Worlds speculate each other by course, and feed themselves with mutual interviews. And this lower seems to aspire to the dignity of the higher with the same ambition as is used by the commonalty of *Spain*, when they Emulate the Grandieur of the Nobility; and with the same art which the Commons of *Rome* used, when the *Plebeians* were admitted to match among the *Patricians*. The Author of Nature has made the welfare of things

Besides
these there
is a farther
end of de-
fire in
man, divi-
nity and
Eternity.

things too much his concern by committing the world to the Tuition of Love, so that now an idle and unactive Deity, will either not be own'd or contemn'd.

But whereas other things are of such a compofure that they can only receive and want, man alone knows how to Love. Nature has shadow'd forth in them a rude fembance of affection, only that she might make a prelufory fpecimen of that in viler materials, which she intended to compleat in man with Elaborate Accuracy. Although I must alfo acknowledge that the affections of men leifurely improve according to the fame degrees and proportions as they themfelves do, and as if they had feveral births, are firft endow'd with life, then with fenfe, and at laft with reafon; and that Love which is at firft *callow* and creeps by the inftinct of Occult fympathy, by and by is *Fledged* with defire, and at laft improves into humanity, and reafon, which was before only Brute tendency, or the predominant bias of an Element. For when the as yet tender warmth only *broods* on the breaft, much lefs has *hatch'd* the

the glowing sparks, the desire scarce gives credit to it self. When the mind is newly smitten, and is hardly yet Conscious either of the wound or the Author of it ; she feels just such *innocent* prickings as Children do from the Rupture of their Gums, when they breed Teeth. Then you may see a pretty specimen of Infant simplicity, those who have been born scarce long enough to view one another a little, beginning to sigh together as one *Myrtle-tree* whispers to another. For in these early expresses of Passion these Infant Lovers don't understand the Air which they ventilate in the groves of *Venus*, while they wind Embraces insensibly, and like those who lazily stretch themselves, naturally seek out for something to rest their extended arms on. You may now if you will call these the insinuating arms of an *Ivy*, or the winding branches of a Vine. But as soon as they improve their Love so far as to imprint and devour smacking Embraces, you don't see men but Ring-Doves. When they breath out their querulous Amours in wanton chidings, you hear Turtles, as being now a little more
by

The various degrees and ages of all Loves.

The kinds
of Bastard
Love and
errors of
Lovers

by Nature disposed to benevolence, so that they affect others with sweet and innocent fondness, and imitate the kindness of the *Dolphin*, or *Lizard*. But men of an *adult* Flame are seiz'd with a more generous impulse though blind. By this blind impulse we are carried upwards like Doves of *Venus* with seal'd eyes, and with a most vigorous endeavour ignorantly aspire to Heaven as to a Nest. Thus the very defects of Lovers shew a disposition greedy of Divinity, and the errors of this one Passion aspire to something immortal. So that even that more impure itch, which derides the *Barren* marriages of Vertues and *Copulations* of Souls, which seeks something to fill its Embraces, and adores the Planet *Venus* though threatning its birth-day with Storms and Shipwracks of life, seems yet to be inflamed not so much with the Torches of Hymen, as with the desire of Eternity. While with such Ardency it longs to out-live itself, and by a long series of posterity to patch up as well as it can a *successive* immortality. Even he whose friendship is purchas'd with a

a supper, whom like a Brute Creature a bit does befriend to you, who is in Love with your Kitchin not your self, though he Loves to the proportion of his stomach : And he who values a man after the same rate as he does a farm, attending on him with the same sordid expectation as he does on his field, who uses his friendship as a thing of profit with a mercenary mind, and still reckons *himself* among his friendships: Why this latter well skill'd in the value of Love uses it as money, but as a Divine Coin, wherewith we men Negotiate with the Gods, and enrich our selves with a Deity. And the former enjoys his Love to Luxury and Banquet, for he thinks it the Nectar of his Supreme Deity, as well as of *Venus*. Both of them truly without Covetousness consult their own profit, either he that seeks a Patrimony by his affection, or he that diets upon it, than he who hastily discharges his sinking Ship of her *perishing* freight, and by a free disbursement of his goods transfers them out of the reach of Chance or Fate before they perish. Who although he expects no returns, nor sells his gifts,

yet

Even they who Negotiate in the Merchandise of affection aspire to something divine.

They are more liberal who do good of their own accord.

yet has already receiv'd a most ample recompence, the very Collation of a kindness, and although he has given never so much, yet has laid up a greater Treasure for himself, the Vertue of beneficence. So that to give great largesses, and such as modesty oftentimes forbids to receive, does the most advantage to the Author ; either by rendring him awful, that nothing mean will be expected from him, or by representing the benefit more necessary and natural than either Rain or Sun-shine. So that from him as from the Sun benefits will be exacted as Debts, and he will seem to do only according to Custom and Duty, as often as he acts generously, so that all gratitude will be taken away through the frequency and ampleness of his Collations.

What shall I think of him who seeks to please, not to Love me ? Whom I repair to as a Summer-bower, that may afford me shade and security, but which is of no use to me in the rage of Winter ? Whom as many of us as have any severity mixt with our Loves are wont to Alarm with this grave Apothegm, *A friend as a Wife, is a word*

of *Dignity not of pleasure.* You have found out a new way of being Libidinous without Embraces, you have deflowred your Love with this kind of Lasciviousness, worse than that of the stews. Industriously to please is the trick of wheedlers, and the luscious venom of a Pander. To treat too daintily, is a kind of angling: To fawn with emulous officiousness is like a Wooer, and belongs rather to the rudiments of Love than the life of Lovers. Far be't that you should take that *Creature* for a friend, who is a torment to you while you desire him, and a tediousness when you possess him. And yet you are not much out, if you think that all Lovers wander in the fields of *Elysium*, and that Flowers spring up where ever they tread. No other are the joys of Heaven than to Love and to be lov'd, no other are the joys of Earth. That Divine *Ardor* which makes the *Empyrean* Heaven to be what it is, and wherein will consist the happiness of the future life, must be the only Solace of this. In all other things we are Passive, these we only enjoy and delight in which are the Issues of
our

Friend
and Wife
are names
of honour.

There is
no plea-
sure any
where but
from Love

our desire and choice, and which in those other uneasinesses divert our pain. Thus have we seen in a Tempest the two Brothers rejoyce in a greedy course, bringing as much joy to themselves as to the Mariners, Congratulating their united beams, whereby they lose each other in a mutual embrace, and thence become two again. Thus have we known the Votaries of *Venus* surrounded with a Cloud, brought like Brides under a Veil of silk with more secret triumph to their joys. We confess there is something in Love more powerful than calamities, more magnificent than honour, more splendid than Riches, more charming than pleasures, for whose sake we condemn all these, yea for whose sake we do not condemn them, but have them in the greater veneration. It does so solely please, that by it all things else though never so vile please exceedingly. It has such a privilege of Majesty that nothing can disparage it, that it clears from infamy, and sooner reflects a lustre on the greatest reproaches of life, than it can be sullied from any thing else. Hence 'twas that this was added a thirteenth

to the labours of *Hercules*, and serv'd as an ingredient to make up his praises, that he not only brandish'd his Club, but held a Distaff, with which (though he had tam'd all other Wild Beasts) yet one Monster still remain'd to be subdued, whom only the instruments of her own Arts can Conquer, *a Woman*. Why do you wonder so much at the inviolable Rays of the Sun, since *Cupids* Torch can also enlighten even the most sordid things, and yet remain untainted?

Why then does the hunger bitten mind so eagerly and to no purpose hunt after something Divine in other things, since it has it at home? For indeed whatsoever we Love, is to us a Deity. *Whatsoever you desire that's Jupiter*. Is it so? What does that sordid Lover who admits no consort without a Dowry, kiss, buy and count *Jupiter* imprinted on his Money? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* shining under a covert of Gold. What, and does the Libidinous voluptuary itch after *Jupiter*? Yes, but 'tis *Jupiter* turn'd Stallion under the form of a Satyr, and converted into the Semeleian flames. Yes and

and so does that delicate Trencher-
friend sup upon *Jupiter*, but in the
shape of a Swan, and lurking under
the soft *Down* of Luxury. He lusts
also after *Jupiter*, but 'tis that of *Gany-
medes* steep'd in Nectar and Ambrosia.
Now I found the depth of the busi-
ness, neither am I quite deceiv'd by
those Rhetoricians of the Gods, the
Poets. Now I perceive that they were
not the Loves of *Jupiter* but our own
which clothed the Deity in such un-
worthy forms.

Love is
only of
one.

But because slippery and wandring
Love never rests till 'tis arrived to the
Pinnacle of perfection, or by a plea-
sing delusion thinks so at least, being
always a Companion of the best and
greatest, or what appears so, to this
it must always adhere, in this always
acquiesce, as the Heaven of its soul,
the Center of its fire. The Lover
will not I presume be at leisure to
entertain the Charms (if there can
be any) of a new felicity, neither
will he find in his heart to Love an-
other, no nor himself. He will e-
ver complain of the disproportion
between his power and his
desires, and that he is wanting to him
whom

Pena

whom he surfeits and wearies with excess of fondness. And after he has thus made over all his affection to one, and still thinks he has not done enough, he must needs have as little Courtesie left for all others as a *Monk* or *Stoick*. Begon thou Monster of *Syracuse* who hast invented a new Tyranny to thy other cruelties, a *Pair-Royal* in friendship. Who wouldest not kill a pair of friends, but divide them, and corrupt their fidelity by interception of it, from a *Tyrant* converted into a *Rival*. But tell me Tyrant, suppose you were assumed a third Lover into the League of this pair, tell me which would you prefer in kindness? You must needs incense the other, now on the same score jealous of your self. But if you will distribute your kindness equally, suppose one of them brought to execution, will you die for this, or live for the sake of the other? You stand like a dubious needle between two Loadstones, by the neighborhood of two resolutions detain'd from both. The distraction of your wish prompts you at once to live and die. Thus the *Pendulous* Lover about to adhere

to neither, and to both, is undone by this equality of affection. One exacts tears from you, the other an effusion of laughter. The partiality of your officiousness to one, makes you injurious to the other. So that your mind distracted several ways like *Medea* between the contrary draughts of Horses, seems deservedly to suffer the punishment of his perfidiousness. Thus it happens as often as you undertake to be a *Pluralist* in affection, and at once to Love whom you can hardly see at the same time, unless you were squint-eyed or double-faced. Do but consider the dominion and compliance which is in Love; Here the new *Eteocles* and *Polynices* must duly command and serve by turns, both of these are of a singular nature, and will not admit of two sharers. If you fancy Love to be a God, he Loves to reside in one Heaven, if fire that also is confined to one Sphere, if death the Gods forbid a frequent expiration, or that we should commit our souls to the bosome of another more than once, since they grant us but once to *live*. Or if you call a Lover the Mirror, Coin or Seal

of

of his dear object (all which receive both form and value from the impression) know then that this looking-glass can be inform'd but with one intire image at a time, that this Coin can be innobled with the face but of one King, that this Seal like that of a letter is closed fast to all but one, and that all these are not capable of a new impression without the defacing of the former. But if you consider that friendship is nothing less than the *Marriage* of Souls, you should think it an hanious Crime in these Masculin Hymens to admit *Polygamy*, by superinducing a new one to unmarry the old, and to *Cuckold* ones friend.

Polygamy
in the
marriage
of Souls is
as bad as
incest.

Does then that Passion which distinguishes humane Societies from the Herds of the field by too much devotedness bring men about again to the level of Beasts, and to Stoical barbarity, the contempt of all? And must he who loves one intirely, hate all mankind besides? The gods forbid. Nothing certainly is more courteous than Love and Philosophy, nothing more generous, nothing (except the gods) affords a greater Patronage to

Yet it is
so of one
as not to
be inhu-
mane to-
ward all
others.

But so as a
new bride
less diffi-
cult and
coy.

the world. The very familiarity of friendship makes their minds easie and soft, and disposes them to benevolence, just as a marriage does young Brides, who now put off their Coyness, and use more freedom of conversation towards all others. They communicate their Rays like the Sun to the whole world, though they gild *Rhodes* with a *peculiar* and *distinguishing* Lustre. You must know that one man is dedicated to another just like a book, sent to one, but to be read by all, yet after the perusal of that one. We owe much gratitude to those candid and generous Souls so much resembling the genius of Heaven, in that they favour not one only man but all mankind with a benign influence: Who as if they were the first Parents look upon all Nations as their own families, esteem all as dear to them as their kindred, and as if they were born every where, or had an amplitude of mind equal, and Commensurate to the whole Globe, stand affected to every Country as their Native one, and so deservedly find it. But this we don't call friendship but a certain benevolence and *wandering*

dring courtesie. Neither do we find fault with this, or accept it with less Candor than they use even toward their enemies. But we would only curb the too wanton and Courtly affections of those who pride themselves in the number of Salutations, and retinue of friends no less than in a guard of lackies, ambitious as much of the badges of Vertue as of State, and loving to *sweat* in the throng of Clients. But this is the manner of proud Ladies who are not overstock'd with chastity with a pretence of obligingness to insnare others affections, openly to dispence their kind Embraces, but still as to one only, studiously to compose a face, to level particular nods at *him* and *him*, to scatter up and down enticing glances, to divide here and there flattering smiles : And lastly, as it were to *betroth* their souls. And as soon as the prey is inveigled (as it frequently falls out) to withdraw the enchanting *lure*. O the most vile sort of pride ! To number the flocks of their Lovers among the rest of their feminine interests and improvements of Beauty.

Polyphily is not friendship but benevolence and a wandering courtesie.

Polyphily without benevolence is not so much as courtesie, but favours of pride and lasciviousness.

But since whosoever is hot in the highest degree of true genuine fire, has not the will to Love less, nor the power to Love more : Neither is it enough that he disregards others, unless he also contemn himself, and deny himself as well as others a share in his own flames, freezing within his own Sphere, and remaining a cold *Salamander* in the midst of the incircling flames. Since he is wholly remov'd from his own breast, forgets himself, is wholly concern'd for his friend, and fears nothing on his own behalf, unless lest he should not act the part of a friend as he ought. Since he is wise for another, and blind as to his own interest, committing himself to the Fates, or to what is a greater safeguard, the care of his friend. (For he on the other hand is as much concern'd with fears and forecasts in his behalf. He inspirits him like an *assisting* form, so that he resembles the Heavens in being govern'd by an intelligence.) Since I say he thus renounces himself whosoever inserts himself into another, and consigns himself as one dead to Oblivion; and since (as it should

should be) the only dear thing to him is his friend, in whom he enjoys a more vital life after death, and about whom he sportfully hovers like a pale Ghost about his body ; *The School-man of Amours has stated an unjust measure rather of hatred than affection, the Love of one self : And has done ill in proposing us to our selves as patterns of Heroical Love.* For of what small account is every one with himself? Where is that man who not captivated to anothers desires, nor season'd with manners not his own, does live less to another than to himself? Neither is it to be imputed to our vices but to our Vertues, that we become Vassals to anothers pleasure. Some Vertues are severe upon their owners, and are never disserviceable but to our selves, which yet to others bring in a great income. That modesty which promotes its own disparagement, and humbly dislikes all purple but that of a blushing face, *ambitions* of contempt, yet transfers the Encomiums due to it self upon another with a steel'd boldness. That ambition which toiles on anothers account is graced with the title of fidelity

lity and Candour. That armour which is worn on the breast does but only forge a man into a shield *Errant* for the defence of others, though with the expence of his own safety. No man dy's for the mere prevention of his own death, but that he may intercept the fatal arrow from his Parents, Children, or some others. What did I say, no man dies? No man lives on his own account. But if bare nature and solitary Vertue without friendship can produce such a combination or rather *self-dedication*, that every one should count himself the least part of himself, let it be a shame that friendship (which adds to Vertues new strength, accomplishment and humanity) should prescribe any other measure to benevolence besides this one, to know none at all, or circumscribe any other limits than those which are mark'd out by the desires of Lovers. Let him not Love at all (and I am sure I cannot imprecate a heavier Curse) who tempers his affection and is not rather ruled by it, who warily Loves to such a set degree as if ready to hate, or who deals out his
afz

The measure of benevolence should be to know none.

affection in proportions, giving and receiving favours with a pair of scales. He may perhaps *return* Love but not Love *directly*, who answers his Lover just as he pledges his Companion, precisely *so much*.

And now I stand amused with a long veneration, like a sweetly confused *Inamorato* who has wasted all his eyesight upon a Divine form, and is uncertain even after the greatest *Criticism* of interview, which part of the Sovereign Beauty first deserves his admiration, and is arrived only thus far, to admire his own astonishment, and to pay equal adoration to all the excellencies, as if every one were supreme, and variously to assent to the praises of parties differently affected. I hear *Dionysius* defining Love to be a Circle returning from good through good to good. And I confess 'tis comprehended in this ingenious Emblem. Hence I look upon a Ring not only as a pledge but an *Hieroglyphick* of Love. *Cupid* represents to me this Circle while he is bending his bow, together with the semicircle of his own body. This Circle is decypher'd to me by the continual heat of Lovers,

The definitions of Love. It is a Circle returning from good through good to good. *Dionysius*.

which with the blood is carried round (according to the modern Tenet of Physicians) in a Circular motion. 'Tis like the Elementary fire where the immortal flame feeds it self, and is its own fuel; whoever loves that which he hath lov'd retreats by a spherical motion in his own track: and he that loves only that he may Love, the same returns upon himself, closes up himself.

The whole
Mystery of
Love consists in being reduced to that from whence we were.
Aristophanes.

Aristophanes tells me (and I easily believe him) that *the whole mystery of Love consists in being reduced to that from whence we were.* For I see all things by a natural motion retire into their principles. And perhaps those Magnetick Charms which they fanſie to be lodg'd in the whole earth, are found by Philosophers, Mariners and ships to be only in the Native Country. The Law of nature obliges us to bestow our lives upon those from whom we receiv'd them, and by a certain series of piety and Scale of alliance, to adore those three names dearer than our lives, our *Country, Parents* and *God*. I know not whether I may call man (like *Oedipus*) a blind and incestuous Lover, or rather provident

vident and pious, who is always inamor'd with something of his original, and is as cordially affected toward it as to his Parent. Neither is he much mistaken, who takes that for his Parent whence he dates the rudiments of a new life, and by a kind of revival renews his Nativity at the expence of an extraordinary Love. Thus to resign up our souls is to retrieve and remake them. But you O *Thales*, by leaping into the water, and you *Empedocles* into the fire, the one by chance and the other out of design, made too much hast to resolve not only *Philosophy*, but the *Philosophers* themselves into their principles, and to plunge the vital particles of your souls into their Elements. But yet so the errors of this Philosophy excuse those of the affections, and since our hungry Souls as well as bodies are nourish'd with those things whereof they consist; you'd swear the Drunkard had a liquid Soul, and the Tyrant a bloody one infused into them, you'd swear the fordid misers were just inlivened out of the mud, and that the Stoical and barbarous were hewn out of a Cragged Rock, and so still continue

Plato's
Conviv.

tinue the Statues of men. But if we fantasie with *Aristophanes* in *Plato* that from the common seminary of souls, or from the joynt Society of a man heretofore double-body'd, the familiar and *Colleague-Souls* were sent into the world, methinks this they render probable, while like the parts of a divided insect, they seek out for th' other half, or when they run into embraces at first sight, as persons mindful of their former intimacy. So that the Platonick man is now all over memory, whose *Love* as well as *Philosophy* is nothing else but *Reminiscence*.

The first
Philosophy is the
desire of
Eternity.
Diotima.

Yea rather whose *Love* is the very exercise of *Philosophy* (for I willingly and deservedly ascribe both to you *Diotima*) that is, to elevate our heaven-born Souls together with their bodies to a perpetual intuition of Heaven (just as the bird of the Sun is fed only with his Raies) and to vegetate them with a desire of Eternity. This is that Mysterious ardour which makes us Mortals always emulous of Divine perfection out of Love with the meanness of our condition, and for a remedy hastens to
strip

strip the man of the part which is frail. Hence as if we had a Legion of eyes, we take a prospect (which is more than the Sun himself can do) of both ends of the earth at once. Hence *Amphitryo* could at once discharge the affairs of his House and of the Camp, and though remote accompany his Wife, and that not (as the Poets will have it) in the fiction of disguise. Hence circumscribed with no bounds either of time or space, we live another life after the first, either in our friends the Guardians of our now alienated souls, or in our Children the Heirs of our transmitted life, both lending and borrowing breath.

While I muse on these thoughts, *Plato* offers me a nearer experiment: And I presently turn'd Platonick, swear that this *Cupid* (though never so blind, and content only with thought where-with he pursues Divine Objects, and yet born from the sight) *is nothing but a desire of enjoying and forming Beauty in something Beautiful.* The truth is we are willing to enjoy, not being able always to content our selves with the barren delight of Contem-
plation

The de-
fire of
enjoying
Beauty.
Plato.

plation and Courtship, that from the conflux of associated splendor, as from the Conjunction of Stars, the Glory and influence may encrease, and our Star improve into a Constellation. And as Pictures, so faces of too Majestick Beauty whose blandishments are above our fortune and hopes, affect the spectators with some pleasure, no desire. And that portion of Beauty which recreates the sight with the sweetness of Symmetry and Complexion *only*, will find more spectators than lovers, as setting forth the prettiness and graces of a delightful prospect, such as are better represented in painted than living faces. Nothing that's barren and dead excites vital affections, nothing that's inanimate influences the Soul. Neither is there greater pleasure in enjoying than in forming of Beauty. There's a natural energy which privileges the mind as well as face with the art of imaging it self, wherever it fixes its aspect. Hence 'tis that all Beauty delights in a Looking-glass, and rather than want a spectator applies it self to its own image looking back on it self. I appeal

And of
forming it
in some-
thing
Beautiful;

peal to you *Socrates* the Master
 both of Love and Morality, whose
 employment was the same when a
 Philosopher, and when heretofore a
 Statuary. You still continue your
 old trade of carving and polishing
 men, but you seek out more excellent
 materials whereby to dignifie your
 Mechanism. And for this reason you
 stock your School like a *Seraglio*
 with such handsome pupils as *Phadrus*
 and *Alcibiades*, who might easily im-
 bibe your soul, and return you your
 image with advantage, as being more
 clear than a Looking-glass, more ten-
 der than wax. Whatsoever that is
 which like the Stars with its heav-
 enly light transcends the envy of Mor-
 tals, invites a Religious awe and with
 a specious lure intices Souls to it self,
 does indeed so wholly possess them
 as not to suffer them to turn aside to
 another object. Nothing can dazle
 and inflame our minds but what is
 presented to us under the tincture
 of these Raies, but what moves and
 strikes upon the senses. Our very vices
 impose upon us under the amiable
 mask of Vertues. And as often as
 we are pleas'd to err with nature,
 and

Nothing is
 lov'd but
 under the
 notion of
 Beautiful.

Because
nothing is
deform'd
in Nature.

and with a *Cross grain'd* Love to delight in such Children which their Parents behold with horror, as often as we seek among herds and Monsters for something to be adopted into humane society as well as into a Constellation, we have this pleasant privilege to boast of, that we need not fear a rival, and to pretend an *incongruous* diversion in the jarrings of nature, and lastly to be able to shew something to the beholders more ugly than our selves. Unless some will maintain that there is nothing deform'd in nature, since those Creatures which the Author of them has doom'd to obscurity as the *shame* of the Creation, lest they should defile the light, have a decency from their very horror, and set off the face of the universe like Moles and shades. For we ought not presently to conclude that which is less grateful to the sight to be down-right ugly, but a rare and unusual spectacle, and such as the nice and curious use to procure at any Cost. What may not there be Sacred where owls and the most vile Creatures, have been deified, and adored by men? Where since there is

no

no deformity, neither is there any hatred, nor the name of *Antipathy* used but among the Sects of Philosophers? why do you tell me among your lectures of sobriety how much the Colewort declines the Vine? Even as much as the abstemious patient upon the advice of a Physician, not because he loaths the wine, or for the sake of temperance, but merely to consult his health. So the Wolf preys upon the Lamb, and the fire upon the water, not out of any hatred, but for self-preservation. Neither do they avenge injuries, but endeavour by the most close embrace to convert another into themselves. So neither does one man abhor the person of another, but only his inhumanity as a vice, and so is concern'd for *himself*. Neither do we envy other men their endowments for any spite we have at *them*, but are only too sollicitous for *our selves*, either because we think anothers credit a diminution of our own, or else because willing to become *cheaply* good, we would adopt the Vertues of others to our selves with the sole labour of a wish. If there be any contention in nature, sure 'tis a loving one, such

There is nothing also of hatred or Antipathy in things.

such as constitutes and increases common-wealths, a *Social* robbery, a consulting our welfare by alternate losses, neither are these to be call'd spoils, but gifts indulg'd by course. Ah cruel Love, if these Wars were managed by your darts, if *Helen* must be still obtain'd through Rapin and Slaughter, and *Venus* must belong only to *Mars*! And yet 'tis worth the while to die that we may indear her to us. Neither do I wonder since an ambitious vying for Beauty bred a quarrel among Goddesses, if poor *Paris* and the rest of Mortals with rival ambition should put in for the fair prize. From the time that Love the parent of the world wrought out a Symphony from the discord of things, and wedded together *Vulcan* and *Venus* in a mutual Embrace, that is, flames and waters, and cemented the most disagreeing things in a sort of *checquer-work*. From the time I say that he hung out this great frame of the Universe, like a rich Map adorn'd with Beauty and order, he stood himself like other Artificers the first Judge and admirer of his own work, & made the first experiment of those Charms of Beauty which he himself imparted. This is

(if

Love the
Artificer
of things,
and their
Beauty
was like
other Ar-
tifiers the
first admi-
rer of its
own work.

(if you would know) that order of beauty from which things derive not softness and infirmity, but at once Ornament and Compactness. I take Beauty to be nothing else but the Consummation, Quintessence and maturity of every thing. I think that Beautiful and splendid which is all that which it should be. Observe how the same innate vigour gives strength and Beauty to the Arm, how jewels thoroughly imbued with it send forth soft Raies among their rigid sparklings! How the lively moisture at the root makes fertil, and adorns with the Verdure of an Emerald! Thus we find all by experience and yet cease not from wonder, that a mind composed within smoothes out the forehead, an ingenuous Texture of thoughts recommends the face beyond the greatest Artifice of dress, and that a refined mind serenes more than the blood. The Soul shines through her Native Veil as a Ladie's face through that of Silk, or as the

of the body, the Flower of internal Vertue. An efflux of the soul. All Beauty consists of Proportion, of the knowledge of the soul and the manners of the body.

That is Beautiful which is all that it should be. Beauty is not softness but the vigour and ripeness of every thing. The same innate vigour gives decency, strength and Ornament.

Beauty is a certain sublime

obscure

obscurer Sun dispenses his Raies here and there and *Strains* day-light through a cloud. I am apt to believe that the Divine guest does choose out a fit habitation for it self, or according to its proportion like Snails, forms a house contemporary and equal to its owner. So graphically does the body express the lineaments of the soul, that no Garment seems more distinctly to decypher those of the body. This, this is that brightness of the unsullied soul which illustrates every feature, and moulds the limbs into legible Characters, that by the likeness of souls others may be allured, till the Original form being observ'd and the Deity within discover'd, the earthy mould be disregarded. For alas what an inconsiderable thing is that Beauty of a face which entertains our eyes with the daily spring of fresh graces, which we shew one to another in a rapture, and although possess'd with a *Rival* concern, yet call in *Auxiliary* votaries to share in our admiration? We are taken only with a superficialities, a Colour, a reflexion of light, yea a most empty shadow, which if we

gaze

gaze long upon, it wears away and disappears before our eyes. And what a poor little thing is that frame and Structure of Limbs delineated as with a Rule and Compass? If that be all, Statues may boast of a neater out-
 side than man, and the house of a more elegant model than the inhabitant. What an inconsiderable thing is that motion which lends such a graceful mean to bodies imitable by no Painters? Suppose it more soft and uniform than the *Downy* glidings of the Celestial Orbs or of time, Careless, loose and unaffected, it has this only Apology for its meanness, that while it pleases, lest it should also prove tedious, it passes away, extinct even while it begins. But all this while I seem too partial to the errors of Lovers, and the Encomiums of Beauty, by supposing all that which is thought handsome in bodies to be the shadows and imitations of a real decency, and not rather the dreams of imagination, and the paint of our own opinion. For 'tis not that which we behold, but what we imagin to our selves, that we are in Love with. Tell me if you can whence it comes

Beauty is consummated in the consonancy and symmetry of the complexion and lines or frame of motions.

All the grace of the body is either imaginary or the paint of opinion.

to pass that the same face is of so mutable a Beauty, as to cause an aversation in others when they meet it, which to you transcends the Beauty of the Stars? Whence is it that some are mightily inamour'd with the soft and hypocritical resemblance of the other sex, and others again are more taken with the somewhat more than masculin horror of an *unpolish'd* countenance? Whence is it that to some what is so little almost to escape the sight is the more acceptable, under the notion of delicacy and prettiness; and to others again that which is ample and *fills* the eyes, seems the only comely and Majestick object? Why, the changeable colour of a pretty face like Pigeons necks borrows an imaginary Beauty which it has not, from various aspects, and diversity of postures.

I'll deliver my thoughts with freedom: What ever that appearance is which feeds the eyes, 'tis either imaginary and of such a nature that we must needs lose it when awaken'd out of our sweet dream; or if real, 'tis unworthy to terminate our souls, and should only provoke, inform and send

Or if real,
'tis unworthy to detain the soul.

send them farther. How can that strike so gratefully on the mind, which the eye only enjoys and knows not how to communicate? For the contagion of no Beauty except that of the mind, is so great as to transcribe it self on the beholder as on Water or a looking-glass. It must somehow resemble God and our own souls, that is be incorporeal, whatsoever does but sojourn in our minds, much less is adopted by the affections. Although even that very air of the body of how little force soever, be also something immaterial, and like the soul rules at large, *all in all, and all in every part.* 'Tis easily to be seen, there is some efflux, Ray and I know not what vigor either of the soul or of an Idea, which running through all the actions diffuses it self throughout ever member, and assimilating all things to it self, collects the *Systeme* of graces into the face, where they settle as in their center.

Here the Boy *Cupid* keeps his Court enthroned in the *Metropolis* of Beauty, here he plays with the beholders, kindles his darts from the wanton flashes of eyes, and hurles living flames. Here indeed

It must be of kin to God and our own Souls that is incorporeal, what ever lodges in the mind. Even that Beauty of the body is immaterial.

But because the shadow of Beauty breeds only a shadow of Love.

indeed Love plaies in his minority, but when grown to maturity he changes both his Camp and Artillery, first seating himself in the middle region between the mind and the body, the *Aspect*, he sports innocently in the confines of both. But by and by he advances up to the Soul and enjoys a pure and *seraphick* flame, or descends to the body and like a *Meteor* deceives with a gross and fallacious blaze. And to use no more undervaluing invectives, this one thing abundantly confirms the infelicity of this Passion, that it always has more influence on the absent than the present, and that the sight or Embrace of a body does always drive us either to loathing or madness. What God is this which Chastises the madness of erring *Cupid* with his own desires? Who is't compels him still to languish for what he enjoys most of all, and so Passionately to refuse what just now he more passionately long'd for? He protests these were not the joys he sought for, but that while he stood unresolv'd what he should desire, and follow'd the conduct rather of his eyes than judgment, he lighted upon them by a blind and

The error
of this
Passion is
punish'd
with self-
dissdain.

and unthinking tendency. But because these are the shadows of that which the mind hankers after, she wings away presently to them like a bird deceiv'd with painted Grapes, but with them as with *phantaſtick* food she's rather tormented than fed. I must nevertheless acknowledge (since they who hang round most sharply against it, feel the influence more vehemently than they deny it) that these shadows of Beauty will beget also shadows of Love. And as in the Soul we adore the similitude of God, so do we a certain shadow of him in the body, in both we worship a Deity under a Type, and by an ignorant devotion become Courtiers of Divinity. For there's the same proportion between the mind and God, as between the eye and the Sun; from whose light it gains thus much, that it sees, and that it neither delights nor is able to see any thing else without the sight of him, and yet can't endure to behold the fulness of his lustre, and therefore loves to receive his Raies at second hand, to view the Image of his corrected splendor, and to refresh it self with feeble delights and

E

sha-ry.

In the body we adore the shadow of divine Beauty, in the soul the likeness of God, in both a deity under a Type.

Beauty whether a Ray of God, or a reflexion of an Idea, or an efflux of the soul, is always something divine; because 'tis the property of man to love Beau-

shadows. Whatever that is (whether a Ray of God, or a reflection of an Idea, or an efflux of the Soul) which under the shew of Beauty captivates the eyes and mind, must be something Divine, since 'tis the privilege of man alone to contemplate and be affected with Beauty.

Pardon me if I also ravish'd with the Love of Beauty, am carried beyond all bounds, and leave even my self behind through the extravagance of transport. I am willing to abide here, where I find Love enthroned in the most Beautiful part of the world, in *Heaven*.

And now I can't forbear venting my anger on those mortifi'd and *Cynical* Ghosts (whose Sage Morals license them to dislike every thing) who condemn all the Erratas of humanity as the intemperance of solid benevolence, who inveigh against this god *Cupid*, as the ringleader to all luxury and voluptuousness, and the *Ingineer* of all Tragick intreagues and villainies, whom we find our *Proxy* to gain us immortality, and the Author of a Divine nature. This is the reward of all simple and barren Love, which it re-

Simple
and mutu-
a Love.

ceives

ceives from its own luxurious bounty, (for where there is no return of gratitude, Love has the same revenue with liberality) it has repay'd it self. 'Tis an abundant reward to have well deserv'd. And yet there's a greater reward than all this sought after by Love, to be paid in kind, when souls growing warm together intermingle flames and light awakened by mutual allision (as one piece of Iron whets another) and cherish their ardours by a reciprocal propagation. They live to one another mutually by an exchange of spirits, and in the bottom of their hearts just as in that of transparent water, their faces answer each other by repercussion. Certainly nothing is more sweet than to Love *or* to be lov'd, except this, to Love *and* to be lov'd.

For when our Love is unhappily misplaced, and such creatures are betroth'd to our Embraces which either by a certain necessity of Nature, or by their own fault are ingrateful : When with nuptial solemnity *Xerxes* embraces *Plato*, *Polydorus* a Statue and *Lesbia* a Sparrow not more wishing for, than undergoing a Metamorpho-

Love and
Love for
Love are
Twins
born and
growing
up toge-
ther.

sis, and find the Poetical fables veri-
fi'd in themselves being all over anima-
ted with the Deity of Love, and by
the *plastick* power and *assimulating* af-
finity of affection converted into trees,
stones and Birds, 'tis not the least of
all felicity (when there is no other
way of Society but that the same per-
son personate a Companion to him-
self) to feign dialogues, answers and
delights proper to ones self, and
so to model our happiness to our own,
not anothers liking. Methinks it
pleases me to see the not altogether
fruitless affection return upon its Au-
thor, where that is the refuge of de-
light which in Amours is esteem'd the
chiefest, to Love again our own Love,
and like the Sun enjoy our own heat
by reflexion at least.

Neither does less pleasure, but
more honour attend that other lot, to
be belov'd. Whence men more li-
berally court others affections than
they impart their own. For this is
like gods to extend their Dominions
in mens hearts without the Pageantry
of a Sceptre. This displaies the great-
ness of our fortunes and Vertues,
and makes us oftener receive
the

the officious services of others, than perform any our selves. Thus the Trophies of your excellencies become conspicuous according to the number of Captive Clients which follow your triumph.

But when on both sides there is an equal contention of officiousness, when there is a *Duel* of Courtesie not with complemental Ostentation, but with the highest shame of yielding and fear of less obliging, then arises that parity of reciprocal benevolence which *Aristotle* honours with that well known name though of rare instance, *friendship*. *Venus* felt these reciprocal tides at her birth, and so still continues a *flux* and *reflux* of affection. That equality which that *Leveller* justice has been a long time to no purpose endeavouring with her Sword and ballance, Love with ease introduces into the world, since it always finds equals or makes them so. Sometimes the distances of fortune and merit, cut off the bands of friendship oftner than those of place. *Jupiter* must descend to the earth and put off the Raies of his Divinity, if he be minded to enjoy the Embraces

Mutual
Love is a
parity of
reciprocal
benevo-
lence.
Aristotle.

Officious-
ness to
great per-
sons is
flattery
and ambi-
tion, not
Love and
fidelity.

'Tis servi-
tude not
friendship.

of Mortals. And so he did; nay for fear lest he should not be familiar and despicable enough, he degraded himself below a man into a *Brute Deity*, and so procured himself easie admission sooner by contemptibleness than majestick horror. *If you will be revered Sextus, I sh'ant Love you.* The story of *Semele* sufficiently informs what a great and *proud* punishment 'tis to *endure* the Society of a God. The Moral's good. An officious cringing to great personages sweet only to the unexperienced, comes nearer to flattery than benevolence, and is always suspected as an insinuating Art of bespeaking more than we offer. 'Twas your ambition which brought you hither, not your sincerity, so that you deserve a place among my servants, not among my friends. Now therefore we are at an equal pitch, when I disappoint you of your hoped for dignity, as you would have brought me down from mine. Yet sometimes we find humble Superiors *ambitious* of condescension, choosing a reflection upon their *Scutcheon*, before a diminution of their *Courtesie*. *Alexander* acts no longer the Emperours part, and loses

loses those titles in Love which he had won in Conquest. But he loses them with greater glory to *Hephestion*, content that *Hephestion* might be King, so that himself might be a part of his Kingdom. He makes over all those honourable courtships which he received from others to *Hephestion*, while he serves his *Hephestion* he seems to enlarge his territories, and to enjoy another world. We all acknowledge Love to be a sweet and restless desire of pleasing them, who (either by accident or their own Vertues, or lastly our own mistake) have any way gratified us. It matters not much as in life so in friendship what e'r is the Origin of the heat. It inlivens the heart with a never the less durable and daily motion. The importunate votary resolving to tire or overcome you, or in dear and please you, heaps one good turn upon an other, and when there is no more room for his officiousness, he serves with empty endeavours, and looking still like one doing good, obliges by his very *Well-meaning* countenance. He cautiously fathoms the inclinations of his friend by heedful

*Burclay's
Icon Anim.*

experiments, and for the very solicitous fear of displeasing deserves to please. He thinks it of great use sometimes to have displeas'd, that so he may either hate or correct his behaviour. For to be as much like him as is possible is all one he thinks with being good and happy. Wherefore he feels his pulse more *scrupulously* than a Physician, examines the most inward motions of his breast, serves him upon strong presumptions, and executes his wishes scarce yet known to himself, before they discompose him with the first *qualms* of a *breeding* desire. Neither will he ever satisfy himself though he has the other abundantly; that it may appear he indulges his officious instinct not with a design of insinuation, but for the bare pleasure of serving, as if by the *predestination* of nature he were *mark'd out* for a slave to this one person.

You shall know (since you are so inquisitive) that there is a pedigree and origin of Love as well as life. There is an order and mutual respect between some either instituted by nature, or voluntarily undertaken; and this again is either among persons of like

Simplicius
upon *Epi-*
ctetus.

like or unlike dispositions, which occasions the union of some, and the dissociation of others. But as for that ty of blood, 'tis a mere Contingent thing; such as argues no merit of benevolence, which because obtruded upon our unconsenting breasts, we did not admit, but unknowingly sustain. And now it brings as much of burthen with it as of necessity, and what is worse, this *Lottery* of birth, imposes upon as a necessity of honouring even the most wicked and vile persons, and what's more against the hair yet, it exacts every where an equal and common rate of affection, according to the custom of Countrys, such as must not be diminished, and yet can't well be improv'd higher. Pardon me ye Ghosts of my kindred, if I adore the name of *Friend*, as far more Sacred than that of *Parent*. We indeed owe all that to Love, which by the hereditary error of an easie piety we ascribe to our Parents. For it happens from their own mutual Love not from any kindness to us (whom they knew not they should produce but from the Oracle) that we enjoy the benefit of this light. And we with as little natural kind-

The name
of friend
more Sa-
cred than
that of Pa-
rent.

The union
of will as
far ex-
ceeds that
of blood,
as reason
does na-
ture.

ness for them rejoice to see the light, not our parents, and being as ignorant of them as they were before of us, are apt to bestow our *unprejudic'd* Embraces on any else (as if they were our Parents, or might as well have been) with a fond innocency. So much Philosophy we may learn from that little age, that we are not so much the off-spring of a man as of mankind, and born to all in common, and that nature should share in our *filial* gratitude. Neither are domestick friendships kindled and cherish'd by nearness of blood, but conversation and the sweet Society in calamities and errors, together with Congratulations arising from common miseries. I am much mistaken if Lovers be not nearer of kin to one another, and engaged in so much the straiter bond, by how much reason exceeds nature, and the force of my own choice is more prevalent than that of Consanguinity. For 'tis the sweetness of conforming to ones own Laws, which makes every man so constantly *Loyal* to himself. But when nature and choice shall both conspire, with how prone and easie instinct does that affection move the mind,

mind, which flows from nature and will link'd together in a *silent* consent ! If it be our lot to be born and educated to the Love of any person (nature and studious care contributing to fashion us after his pattern) if the Stars of any mingled their lights before, in sociable and friendly conjunctions, if the species of any be congenial and innate to us from our Natiuity (for nature does sometimes either for knowledge or defence like breeding mothers imprint some marks on the members) how greedily do we imbibe their aspects as familiar to us from the Cradle, and more certainly known than by a long conversation ! How do we redemand this image as a piece snatch'd from our own Souls ! How do we swallow down the breath and voice of this person like vital air ! How do we run together with an indeliberate propension, without the Ceremony of kind salutations, like Lovers after absence or divorce, renewing their Caresses ! Thus these souls involv'd all over in a *Voluntary* Slavery, engage in a mutual league, not tarrying who shall give the first Love-stroke. Just like those who swear to, and sign bonds without
ever

ever reading them, and yet can never dissolve the Sacred ty, nor cancel their *solemn*, though *inconsiderate* engagement. 'Tis anothers consent and not their own which ratifi'd these engagements, so that they have made over the liberty of consenting, nay the whole right of themselves to the power and pleasure of another.

Love is a
God.

But O *Cupid* the least of gods, and greatest of Deities, I should think it less than your deserts (if yet there could be any thing greater) that you are Deifi'd by those bold Philosophers the Poets. You have this property of a god, to be unknown and to receive homage from men. You have this also of a god to govern men with a silent influence, that they may yield to your motions though not understood by them, or else to draw them by compulsion. To the beck of whose Majesty all contrary Passions pay Allegiance and attendance. As often as you are disposed to divert your self, the most high flown Pride strikes Sail, the most daring courage trembles at the lucid Darts of an Eye; Covetousness it self turns Prodigal in a Voluntary Oblation of rich presents,

sents, and the suddainly Eloquent illiterate Heir now no longer buys Poems with their Poets, but himself becomes *inspired* and *composes*. And to pass over with religious silence your other Divine attributes, that you are a Circle, Eternal, immense, and that you engross all that Office of Providence, to preside over, and to preserve, this one thing confirms in me the belief of your Divinity, that your only Religion strikes an awe into the most profane. They so manage their Courtship as if they were performing some Religious Rite. They look passionately, view their habit curiously, and compose themselves to all the solemnity of reverence. And to what end all this? That they may address themselves to their Mistress as to an Altar. Nay more, that they may be decent even when absent. For whom we love we fancies always present, the Judge of our actions, the supplier of vertuous and ingenious thoughts, the prosperer of all our Heroick undertakings. Whom the Sailer supplicates for a calm, the Travailer for a safe return, the Souldier for Victory and booty, out of which he may make her

a present. Well, henceforth let it be permitted to Lovers to Complement one another with Metaphors fetch'd from Heaven, to Court in the Sacred *Dialect* of Religion.

It is fire.

Neither do I think any one can envy at the Divinity of so mild a god, whose anger may be appeas'd without slaughter, who does not like other gods require beasts, but only chearful Votaries for Sacrifice, and that he may not want Temples, erects flaming Altars in humane breasts. Nay the little god himself being converted into fire, by a continual supply of flames takes care for his worship. 'Tis certainly so; as often as I see the pensive Inamorato venting his Passion in deep-fetch'd sighs, he minds me of the fire which is immured in a Cloud redoubling murmurs and thunders, and at last expiring in a fume. As often as I see him bedew'd with the sweat of tears, and boiling over with groans, I call to mind the flames of *Aëna* and *Vesuvius* breaking out among the flames of Snow and Ashes; or methinks I see the great *Chafms* in the mid-sea occasion'd by the eruption of fire. As often as the short-liv'd fire of a counterfeited

counterfeit passion displays it self in imaginary and *Scenical* flames, I then consider in man fictitious blazes, fires resembling those of the Celestial Lamps, *Meteors* of affection. Again, Love in this respect resembles fire, in that it serves only to the benefit of men, and the worship of the gods. Again, in that it heats and inlightens our fancies, insomuch that *Apollo* as well as *Bacchus* owes his rise to the flames of Love. Again, in that it rages against the *Bars* of opposition, gathers new strength from allaies and impediments, and is fomented by injuries and provocations as fire by the aspersions of Water. Then as to the properties of the Ethereal fire it burns and refreshes, is immortal without fuel, self-sufficient, (for Love is content with it self being its own reward) it is inviolable, not to be polluted by the Contagion of filthiness, expiating and purging the Crimes, which it cannot admit, equalling the Virgin-excellency of the Vestal flames. Lastly it has this one quality more of the Celestial fire, that for the security of the Universe it has obtain'd a supremacy of Station, that 'tis seated in the
top

top of all, guarding and enclosing the inferiour Passions. In this one thing the parallel halts, that it extends its vital influence beyond its Sphere to the production and Conservation of Animals. Thus is Love parallel'd with the two purest and most powerful things either above or under the Celestial Arch, *God and fire.*

Occult
Love like
a subterra-
neous fire
burns, but
gives no
light out-
wards.

But among all the Miracles of My-
sterious Love this is the most con-
founding, that often-times in the
interior parts of men as well as of
the earth there glows a *Subteranean*
fire, which spreads its Contagious *Fe-*
ver without the least outward *Sym-*
ptom of a blaze. So that when we
feel it burn and yet can't give an ac-
count how it came to be kindled (un-
less any of us are of opinion that the
flame was congenial to the breast,
and upon the conviction of this ex-
periment grant the soul to be fire)
we deny it burns at all. So loth are
we to own our ignorance by admiring
at the unaccountable harmony of
souls equal to that of the Spheres;
when every one has contrary motions
of its own, and yet partakes of the
same, as if govern'd by a certain
com-

common Intelligence. 'Tis our daily wonder whence the strings of hearts as well as those of Lutes, mutually sympathize with such consent, that the trepidations of the one are seconded with the correspondent Tremor of the other. We stand amazed at the surprising symphony, unknown even to the Musician, and swear these strings were heretofore taken out of or now skrew'd to a unison in the same entrails. Wee'll grant the Physicians their Paradox, that *motion is only a certain consent in bodies* (a no small advantage to their art) being well assured it holds true in souls.

Motion is
consent as
in bodies
so in
Souls.

Neither let us any longer doubt to affirm with *Plato's* guest, that Love is a Magician. For how do souls kindle and conceive seeds of Love with a secret touch? How do Lovers like Inchanters burn and melt the dissolving hearts of men by Images and representations? How do Beautiful eyes like those of the *Basilisk*, enchant the greedy beholder, insinuating and interweaving their Raies with his till they knit Love-knots, and manacle him looking backwards with chains of Embraces? What else, were those soft allure

Hence
Love is a
Magician.

lurements by which *Endymion* charm'd
the Moon out of her Orb? What else
are those enticing groans but Magick
murmurs, *Philtres* of discourse, and A-
morous numbers? What else but
Charms of horreur, which with a
blast of air strike astonishment into the
hearers? What else are Love-tokens but
Spells which instill a sweet Poison into
those who wear them? I know not whe-
ther the powerful attractions of the per-
son lov'd, deserve my admiration more
than the Magick figures of the Lovers
obsequious postures, and enchanting
blandishments, against which there is not
as in other enchantments the remedy of
a *Countercharm*: neither indeed would we
unbewitch our selves if we could, or
resist the pleasing methods of our ruin.
Truly all the force of Magick is in
Love, which is said to have the mira-
culous power of attracting things mu-
tually together, and changing their
Natures: because the parts of the
world like the members of a great
Animal depending on the same Au-
thor, and the Communion of the same
Nature, are joyn'd together by one
spirit informing the whole; and which

is the most certain sign of union are collected into a Globe, so that one part returns upon the other in a continual round. 'Tis by reason of this confederacy and secret Commerce of things; that by the mutual attraction of Souls, Love like a disease contracted by Contagion invades chiefly the healthy, who yet by and by most willingly yield to the sweet evil. And then the voluntary Captive more straitly hugs his soft and silken fetters, then he is held by them, and does as little understand the Embraces which he enjoys as the chain it self.

Methinks I feel the restless Calentures of Lovers more clearly than I describe them, and seem to act my own argument before I deliver it. I remember heretofore when I was slightly deluded with dreams and Images, and scarce knew what I sought after, I more truly endured the various tides of my but newly raging Passion, than I decypher'd them. How did the first glance of my Mistress not with a

rude

The argument of the work is summ'd up by the by. There is the same method of procedure in Philosophy and Courtship. From kisses to Embraces, from a shadow and obscure aspect to intimate Visions, from affection to nature, and thence to the cause of nature.

rude Image, but only the shadow of it, colour my blood, fashion my thoughts, fix an impression on my Soul, print my mind with her own Characters, lastly seize the whole man and assimilate me to her self! And yet there appear'd in my distemper'd breast no otherwise than in a troubled fountain, only an obscure and uncertain form and shadow, such as is feign'd to inhabit the regions of Death, languid and shy, flying all approaches and slipping through an Embrace. By and by lifting up a little the Veil of *Cupid* and viewing with the greediness of a

By so many steps and degrees are inquired, after the manner of Lovers, the effects and force of Love, the dowry and parentage whom it is convenient to Love, in what manner, what measure, for what end, also the degrees and kinds of loving.

Wooer the Divine form of my just tasted felicity, my ignorance (as all almost is) restless and inquisitive, made me curious of examining every particular, as what manners, what Dowry, what seat, what descent? For this uses to be first and last in the Cares and joys of Lo-

vers, as to recollect the first sportful essays and rudiments of their Amours, so to make enquiry into the years and honours of their Parents, and to un-

travel

ravel their friendship back to its noble beginnings.

Although it be a sign of greatness & antiquity, and has procured Religious reverence to many things to have their Originals beyond the date of Chronicles, seal'd up to Oblivion as to Eternity, 'twill be no Crime I hope to relate & adore the beginnings of love. Which is so happily obscured by that consecrator of things, Antiquity, that like Heaven it has found a fabulous Origin. I hear some telling me of *Pra-ludiums* of Love, which Souls act in the *Proscenium* of the other world, before they enter upon the *Stage* of this. I hear that souls descended from the Stars of their Nativity still imitate their manners and conjunctions. That as often as the wantonly disposed Planets treat one another with Quintile aspects, and burn with a nearer flame, then 'tis wooing time among men. That as often as they mingle Embraces with their *Conjugal* Raies, then they kindle Marriage-torches here below. And lastly that they do not only shew us Mortals the way, and prosper us in it, but also make matches and betroth us here on

Thence enquiry is made into the definitions and natures of Love. Lastly we ascend up to the causes and Origin of Love.

The friendships of men are not to be

ascribed
to the con-
junctions
of the Pla-
nets, but
to a three-
fold im-
pulse of e-
very mans
nature.

Either to
a zeal for
them-
selves.

on Earth. But to leave this fanciful argument, my Philosophy assures me, 'tis not the heat of Heaven but that native one of the breast, which congregates *Homogeneous* things, and inflames men with an ardent Love of Society, either out of a zeal for themselves, or out of a desire to succour infirmity, or a design of self-communication.

The first of these, nature has imparted to every one, as a Tutelar Deity to each in particular, and as a common soul to all in general. Whence whatsoever resembles any part of a mans self becomes ally'd to him on the score of that similitude. Hence Superiors are wedded to Inferiors in a mutual relation. These straitly embrace the other as their pattern and defence. The other protect these as their utensils and workmanship. But the easiest association is between equals, because free from the unconfiding awe which attends a Superior fortune, and the jarrings of untunable dispositions. Whoever are Confederate by the Communion of nature enjoy so much the more pleasure in their conversation, because they were most closely united

ted even before any personal contract.

But if any suppose that companions are repair'd to, as a defence of weakness, that to Love is a kind of begging, and that the Embraces of men like those of the Vine and Ivie only seek out stronger props for their support: Let him observe that for the Patronage of this infirmity, Love is feign'd to be a Boy, and that children and women, and whatsoever is of the infirmer sort are most prone to Love. Let him observe that Vertues themselves are sought for by mankind only among the necessities of life, and that they are either instruments of ambition, or reliefs of indigence. Let him know that all the terms of Alliance are indeed words which import succour, and that by those things which we honour with the most Sacred Titles, are understood only the various Commodities of life. These are the things (to confess the truth) which we most lovingly call by the name of Brothers, Sisters and Parents. Neither is a friend esteem'd any thing better than an *Asylum* of refuge, and a proper possession.

Or to a desire of succouring infirmity.

Lastly,

Or to a design of self-communication.

Lastly, if we suppose men to be moved by a fermenting appetite of self-Communication, and after the example of God whose Image they bear, to make a *Donative* of themselves; we shall think what's more Noble in its self, and what's more worthy of that Sacred and sociable Creature, and what comes nearest to the Genius of Heaven, more freely to impart than receive an influence. For every man, as other Creatures are made for him, so he is born for more than himself only, and accordingly is ambitious of accommodating himself to others. As much as every one is ashamed to confess his penury: So much does he delight to shew himself rich by Communicating his goods, rather than desire the Alms of another. Hence we see some Souls *Covetous* of doing good, call in and adopt Associates to share with them in their felicity, and take it as a great kindness to themselves, to have an occasion given them of benefiting others. So that 'tis a greater pleasure to have a friend in your prosperity, when you are in the Capacity to give, than in your adversity, when you must always be on the
the

the receiving hand. My own Planet has not been such a niggard to me, that I should want experiments of this liberality, or should need a proof elsewhere. Nay even this very acknowledgement of my gratitude condemning it self, because a favour is more joyfully bestow'd than either receiv'd or repaid, does sufficiently evidence that the genius of humane nature has prescribed it self this sole way of doing of good, and out of a *magnificence* of spirit has rejected the Laws of gratitude. Since the former proceeds from fullness of mind, the latter is extorted by necessity. In the former there's the glory and state of a Superior, in the latter the reverence and modesty of an Inferior. He errs even to pity, dazzled with the splendor of a more glorious fortune, who cannot *endure* a kindness; neither does he act ingratefully nor proudly, but only magnificently bent in spite of his *unperforming* fortune, and refusing to yield in the Combat of generosity, declares he would rather have been the Author of the kindness, which he had more munificently bestow'd in with before he receiv'd it. When there-

A favour
is more
joyfully
bestow'd
than ei-
ther recei-
ved or re-
paid.

Mankind is divided into two sorts, some born to serve, others to protect and cherish. There is mutual benevolence between them both, but they are more liberal who bestow the man, than they who bestow the goods. The Origin of friendship proceeds in the same order as that of Kingdoms.

fore you see some born to serve, others to cherish and defend; you turn over both the leaves not so much of fortune as of nature and benevolence. But you should confess them Superior and more liberal who bestow the man, than those who with a *cheap* munificence permit an effusion of their goods. So that either way the fire of Love does more willingly descend than ascend. Nay this Passion always descends (since 'tis the part of the more excellent and Noble to Love) and in a prone channel is propagated through the degrees of alliance as man himself is.

For there is the same method and procedure in the growth of friendship as in the constitution of Kingdoms. The heat first passing through the channels of the blood creeps out of its own private enclosure into families; then the vein bursting as it were with an eager fermentation, it expatiates farther to Allies and Fellow-Citizens. For we must return to them (lest we should seem to be more concern'd for the Dignity of Love than for truth, or be liable to blame for instituting other measures of lov-
ing

ing than what are popularly receiv'd,
 and for steering right against the
 stream) who propose us to our selves
 as patterns yea and causes of Love.
 For this is the merit of benevolence
 earnestly to wish well to ones self.
 This is the very design of a Lover to
 recover himself lost in another, to
 cherish himself with the kindly heat,
 and by a certain vital energy to con-
 vert all into his own nourishment.
 So that 'tis no wonder that Vertue
 which enjoyns a neglect of our selves,
 suffers her self a greater disregard
 from the world. However let us
 not think it shame to be belov'd, as
 if this were to be mock'd and neg-
 lected under the pretence of Officiouf-
 ness. You must know that every one
 Loves ill, but he that Loves himself;
 and that none in Loving themselves
 design their own advantage, although
 by Loving they profit themselves
 by accident. All Self-Love therefore
 is a generous thing, by which we
 kindly affect whatever we are or
 would be, as what is or what should
 be allyed to us. All of us are so
 touch'd with that ambition of some
 who insert the Armes and honours

Self-love
 is a gene-
 rous thing
 by which
 we ardent-
 ly affect
 whatever
 we are or
 would be.

of their Ancestors among their own titles) that by a corruption of Herauldry we adopt whatever is excellent into the Table of our own kindred. So the emulous Cities contended about the praises of *Homer* in an unreconcilable War, as if for the enlargement of their Territories. Hence the splendor of virtue which is the chiefest security of Mortals, next of self-love, kindles those of taking dispositions at the first flash, and that which adores the Deity is adored it self. Whose power is such that there is none of so desperate impiety who is not in his wish and approbation, I had almost said mind too, good; Who would not he had exercised that Vertue which as yet he does not, and who does not heartily Embrace that Vertue in another, which, he does ill away with in himself.

From this
double
impulse of
nature
and rea-

son, the first impulse of reason carries us to what we would be. Hence the first causes of Love are Vertue and its shadows with whatsoever carries the semblance of it.

Whither does this first impulse not of nature only but reason carry us? cheated with a voluntary imposture

we fall prostrate before not only Vertue, but any thing which bears the least shadow or appearance of it. Sometimes that difficulty (which guards the path of Vertue with a Sacred horror, and keeps off the profane rabble) pushes us forward, and intices with its indearing injuries. The honey of Lips gains a more exquisite relish from the interposals of stings. To watch at the Window of a Mistress, to suffer a repulse from a meaner Rival or to be disrespectfully used, are all but spurs to future pleasure, like as squeezing the hand, and wounding the Lip with the eager rudeness of a biting kiss. Sometimes rarity (which through the sloth of the age seems almost peculiar to vertue) recommends Monsters to our fancy and all outlandish deformity.

'Tis well known also how prevalent are those allurements of Lovers which are rank'd among the chiefest shadows of Vertues, praises, which are dearer to women than their looking-glass or box of perfumes, with which as with incense men as well as Gods are appeas'd. How easy is it by this art to please both our selves

and others ! How easie is it by these pretious blandishments to please the most Chast Matron ! For all even the most modest, love to be commended, and those who refuse to be lov'd are yet ambitious of appearing lovely. Both are arguments of a mind virtuously disposed, though to praise be a more certain one than to be prais'd. For to be prais'd is frequently the lot, always the *ambition* of the most undeserving, as deformed persons covet paint. But none can praise and himself not be laudable. He does the same or would do who approves, and is illustrated from the excellencies of another : As he that erects a Statue to the memory of an Heroe, erects also at the same time to himself a Monument of Vertue. For this seems an high flight of merit not to exercise vertues, but what's more, to reverence and adore them. These are those darts of *Cupid* which are pointed with his feathers, which while they tickle, wound the deeper, and like Arrows deliver'd strongly and at a distance, reach those who are most remov'd from us. But to make flattering preambles and
bribe

bribe Benevolence (the usual art of Rhetoricians and Lovers) seems all one to me as to dawb the lips with paint preparatively to an Embrace, which always instils a sweet Poyson, and insensibly corrodes the kisses.

So much are we men the *Creatures* of glory and Vertue, that I fear 'twould not be much for our honour to confess, that among Vertues we Embrace them most which are profitable. Whether they be thole which exercise and invite humanity, as modesty and equity ; or those which preside over and protect it as fortitude and munificence. Which, when we our selves are no way advantaged by them, we gratulate in the behalf of others. But as Emulation, so munificence indears our affections to other vertues. Although its excellence be so much the greater by how much the receiver is less deserving. Because then the kindness is wholly to be ascribed not to the judgment, but favour of the Benefactor, and because for our sakes he would run the hazard of being *reproachfully* beneficial. This liberali-

Among
vertues
these
more pro-
fitable
ones cause
Love.

ty is no sooner above the Horizon, but that other which is inbred in the heart of mankind shines parallel to it. And although perhaps at first by an erroneous estimation it valued the giver for the sake of his gifts, yet afterwards it values the gifts for the Authour, whose parental indulgence extended it self beyond the partition-wall of his own family, and adopted a stranger with the same domestick affection as an Allie into his *Hospitable* bosom. Here overloaded gratitude faints, and finding it self incapable of returning any thing besides the man, repays its Patron as a Deity with the bare Votary. And truly in my opinion he betraies no such generous ardour of mind who returns benefits as Debts, and *pays* gifts, that he may quit scores, and that accounts may be kept even on both sides, as if they were dealing only in a more liberal way of usury. 'Tis not affection but pride, which makes a man so impatient of lying under an obligation. This is not to receive but *retort* kindnesses: This is with more disdain than gratitude to

to boast riches in a contention of munificence. But since true benefits aim at nothing but a kind reception, he only knows how to be a *liberal* receiver who candidly interprets, and retaliates nothing, but a grateful mind. Neither does he think this any valuable return of his own liberality, but only the pledge of another's. But lest any one should think I insinuate this as an Apology for my incapacity or ingratitude, let him know that I have perswaded my self that friends give with that Candor as if they paid only that they might owe, and return gifts with such freedom as those that give of their own accord. These are benefits, these are those Arrows of *Cupid* which with a Golden point give a *Splendid* but *faithful* wound. More powerful truly is the Courtship of *Jupiter* under gold than under feathers, or the Rays of his Divinity. For gifts are the universal Character, whereas 'tis the Talent only of some few to understand the Idiom of Majesty, and the soothing flourish of a Rhetorical Pen.

Benefits
are the ar-
rows
of *Cupid*
arm'd
with gold.

From li-
berality
arises com-
miserati-
on, which
softens the
breast and
then signs
it with an
Image.

Shall I now say that from this gen-
tle humanity of mind proceeds a
good natur'd Commiseration, which
softens the breast like Wax, and
then seals it with any Image? Or
that from this ampleness of mind
flows that *proud* benignity, which
while it seeks occasion to exercise
munificence, Loves the miserable even
to Passion, and scorns the happy? Or
shall I think that from hence arises
a generous Stateliness which is more
ambitious of bow'd knees and heads
than Embraces, and Loves only on
this *Magnificent* condition, that it be
not Lov'd again? Or rather shall I
term this a soft modesty, like to
theirs who can endure to eye an-
other till he look back upon
them?

Beauty is
rank'd a-
mong the
Vertues,
which
holds
forth an
animated
system of
Ethicks
and ex-

And now we confess with thee
Plato, the divinest of all Prophets,
a wonderful scene of Love dis-
play'd throughout the whole body,
where Vertue exposes herself to
view, where the Candor of the
mind tempers the blood with a
milky whiteness, and modesty dies
the Cheek with a sweet Vermilion;
where

where the liberal forehead *hospitably* entertains the beholders ; and the glances of the eye are gather'd up like scatter'd gems ; where you may perceive the *discipline* of a composed countenance, gravely checking and allaying those sparks which it kindled in you by its Beauty. Where you may observe the dictates of a quick apprehending aspect, and imbibe *tacit* lessons of prudence ; where you may see regularly disposed by a certain ballance of justice the even measures as of manners so of the limbs, and peruse a *living* system of Ethicks with your eyes ; where, when you shall behold the lucid members joynted to one another like gems both for Ornament and service, wondring a while at the compacted strength of *solid* Beauty, you will cry out, Hither *Vulcan* with thy nets ! behold, we have taken again *Mars* accompanying *Venus* ! This is a Beauty worth the Empire of more than one world. Thanks be to *Jupiter* and his Eagle, that the earth is not envy'd the possession of so great Beauty. Hence the Divine *Plato* may with rapture and ecstasie

presses in
the body
like
Vertues,
prudence,
fortitude,
justice and
tempe-
rance.

Hence 'tis
call'd a
Corporeal
Vertue.

de-

deduce Theorems of Philosophy, and contemplate a fairer Idea with his eyes than ever he did with his *mind*. *Socrates* may send his delicate youth to trim themselves at the superlative lustre of this face as at a looking-glass. And here *Endoxus* fall'n from his admiration of the Sun, may affirm mankind was made on purpose to view this light, and to feast on *bright* pleasures, though to the loss of their eyes. There are more powerful Charms in the aspect of this form, than in *Orpheus* his lyre to tame wild beasts and Philosophers. This Splendor more delightful than day-light, is fitter than the Sun to try and educate the offspring not of Eagles only but of mankind too. I would almost swear that our souls descended from the Skie as falling Stars, they are so inamour'd with all Brightness. These are the Arrows of *Cupid* pointed with the light of eyes, and sparkling out flames, which shine, burn and wound.

All Love
is comprehended in
likeness.

Thus whatsoever is excellent, whatsoever we would be like to, attracts us to it self with the same ardour,

as

as we do those things which we seem already to resemble. We mutually crave and give Pardon to this madness of ours which makes us do the same when men as when children, viz. to reach out to kiss our Pictures in Looking-glasses. 'Tis the Fate of all mankind as well as of *Narcissus*, to be Passionately in Love with their own representations. And 'tis but just that we more zealously affect our other self than our Parents or Children, who are but pieces of our selves, or than an Artificer does his own work which is only the product and Image of his art. 'Tis an excusable greediness which prompts us to feed upon our like, since 'tis the nature of our souls as well as bodies to require consimilar aliment. Wherefore I don't wonder at the bewitching power of Custom, which recommends to our affections not only faces but places themselves and inanimate trifles, as if they were our Companions. Whence the same delay which insensibly preys upon Beauty, adds also grace to deformity.

For the eye and mind tinctured
with

Wherefore we all Love either whom we would be like to, or whom we are. From the former arise those spurs of a tasted Love; from the latter, first similitude it self;

Then Custom;

Then familiarity.

with a familiar species, see no longer but through painted glass, which takes off from the horror of the object. So also familiarity without which we are remote even when present, adds this force to custom, that it may form *Twin manners*, by a reciprocal generation beget a *Consanguinity* of dispositions and adapt mind to mind, till anothers conversation is more sweet and free to us than our own. What? 'Tis torment not society to be under a constant fear of displeasing, to compose all things to the worst of Looking-glasses that of a face (since we can't to the others mind) to order our Commerce with reverential concern, to weigh our words like gold before we deliver them, to present our selves at a set meeting with premeditate gesture, and then there to behave our selves as in a Theatre.

Also under the name of similitude, Love.

But Why do I mention those consimilar species which either nature, art or Custom slightly imprints on our minds? When 'tis Love which gives all these a lively stamp, by whose power alone (the soul having long since took her leave) they are actuated

ted and enliven'd. Happy is it for Lovers, that persons may Love even against their wills. Since your Lover is not only like, but the same with your self, he has stoln away you from your self unawares, and without your leave. There is no need that he demand returns of kindness and *Debts* of Love. If this be nothing available with you that he is your Image, your slave, your proper goods; that for your sake he parted with his soul and liberty; If you nothing dread the Crime of cruelty and Murder, yet by the necessity of nature Love kindles Love, flame kindles flame. Yet nature would not grant Love the power to counterfeit, or if counterfeit to burn any otherwise than painted fire. For though the face, aspect and gesture feign never so industriously, yet the simulation will betray it self as all painted things do, either by a too emulous or a too remiss endeavour of imitation. If you don't yet acknowledge that Love is the price of a man; yet at least that you may admit it to be so under the fordid Name of benefit, know, that

that it comprises in it self all the benefits which it bestows, and which it cannot bestow, and in wish more than all. Without which I shall ascribe the benefits themselves to fortune and fate, not to the man, and shall think them rather *found* than *receiv'd*. By which alone the poor man acts liberally, as often as he gives nothing, but wishes munificently. Than which nothing greater is either expected from or render'd to Mortals by the Gods. Here's a Philtre of more influence than any herb. *If you will be lov'd, Love.*

But as it betrays meanness of soul to require and render reasons why we Love, so that Love is more ingenuous which like some flowers springs up without any seed, and has this of Eternity, to exist without a cause, and like Heaven to be mov'd by an *invisible* Intelligence. We find now that that similitude whether manifest or occult which goes under the name of *Sympathy*, is all nothing else but *Love*. Whence without any nearness or familiarity, the near and familiar soul closes fast, and squares exactly to

Similitude
whether
manifest
or occult
which is
call'd
sympathy,
is all Love.

to another. Just as Mathematicians say one plain body adheres to another inseparably, united only by the Cement of conformity. Nature seems to bring forth *Twin-minds*, and to assign mates to souls as shadows and Genius's to bodies, or as Nymphs Co-eval to their Trees. Hence men in spite of their Ascendent undergo the same Stars and Fates, and in all respects are Twins. O the unparallel'd generosity of these well match'd Lovers, a more Noble spectacle than a couple of Gladiators ! Where the *Duel* of liberality is all fought in Offices of mutual kindness. In this one thing there is discord in their affections, that both being over solicitous for each other are disquieted with hatred and fears. Both as if tinctur'd with each others Choler see and judge the same. Both as if touch'd with the same Load-stone, tend to the same point in all their designs and endeavours. The one represents the others face more faithfully than a Looking-glass. The one imitates the others manners more punctually than a

a Parasite. · So that even he himself
is not so much like himself.

*While I was Scribling at this rate,
Cupid snatch'd my pen out of my hand,
and flew away with it.*

THE END.

A Postscript.

Since the Commission of this Book to the Press, there came to my hand a Translation (if it deserve that name) of *Effigies Amoris*, upon the perusal of which, I was so far from being induced to recal mine, that I found I had now a greater reason than ever to make it publick, (*viz.*) the vindication of the excellent and much abused Author. The *Sacrilegious* Translator is as much a stranger to me as he is to the Idiom of the Latine Tongue; and therefore I shall deal more civilly with him, than to give any particular instances of his failures, and shall only say in general, That between Omissions and mistakes the Author is utterly lost. I had not said thus much, had I not thought my self obliged to consult the Authors

thors Credit more than the Transla-
tors, lest any should judge the O-
riginal Beauty by the injurious repre-
sentation of a false *Glass*.

FINIS.

ERRATA

PAG. 15. l. 22. for *polish*, r. *pollish*. p. 19. for *never*,
r. *even*. p. 67. l. 8. for *one self*, r. *ones self*.

What other literal faults there are, or false
pointings, the Reader is desired to give him-
self the trouble of correcting.

Books Printed for *Tho. Sawbridge*,
at the *Three Flower de Lucas* in
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B *P. Sandersons* Sermons, Folio.

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